

THE MESSENGER.

Dr A H Strickler
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"AS THE TRUTH IS IN JESUS."

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Poetry.

CHURCH LOCK AND KEY.

I know it is my sin, which locks Thine ears,
And binds Thy hands!
Out-crying my requests, drowning my tears;
Or else the chillness of my faint demands.
But as cold hands are angry with the fire,
And mend it still;
So do I lay the want of my desire,
Not on my sins, or coldness, but Thy will.
Yet hear, O God, only for His blood's sake,
Which pleads for me:
For though sins plead too, yet like stones they
make
His blood's sweet current much more loud to be.
—George Herbert.

Communications.

For The Messenger.

THE ART OF BENEFICENCE.

Let us illustrate this subject a little further. Our proposition is that if the art of beneficence were properly learned at least double the amount that now flows into the treasury of the Church would be contributed, and the members suffer no greater inconvenience. How easily the State raises funds to support all its institutions and interests! In this country at least people do not suffer from taxation. The reason of this is because the money is raised in a systematic way. So it is also in regard to worldly societies—voluntary societies—and worldly interests. Science, art, amusements, all are patronized and liberally supported. The world manages to save from its earnings to support all its higher forms of enjoyment, its luxuries.

We cannot draw the conclusion that the children of the world are more deeply interested in their work than are Christians in theirs. It is not true. Religion is the deepest interest in the human breast. The followers of Christ have proved over and over again that they will make any sacrifice for their Lord and Master. If required they will go to the stake for love of Him. The martyr spirit has not left the Church. It is latent in the Church in every age. Let the necessity arise, and they will prove again that they can renounce all things, even life itself for His cause.

How, then, are we to account for the fact that while every worldly interest finds abundant support the cause of Christ languishes for want of proper aid? The only proper answer is, Christians do not learn the art of giving as the world does. "The children of the world are wiser in their generation than the children of light." Those are the words of our Saviour Himself. It is not necessary to explain why it is, when we have the word of the Lord that such is the case. We take the fact as it is. The practical use we are to make of it is, that we must learn the lesson of prudence, the art of giving.

We need not wonder, perhaps, that we have not made greater progress in this art, if we consider that the voluntary principle of giving is yet in its infancy. In the countries of the old world the support of the Church is compulsory. Church and State there are united. The work of the Church is carried forward mainly by taxation. It is only in America, and in part in some nations of Europe, that the voluntary principle is relied on to support the operations of the Church. It has, indeed, thus far proved a success. The Church in America is as well supported as in Europe, and a good beginning has been made in the work of founding institutions of learning, and in carrying forward the work of home and foreign missions. Our charitable institutions, too, compare favorably with those of the old world.

But still it must be confessed that we are yet in our infancy, and that we are still but learning the art of voluntary Christian beneficence. What is required is that we shall carry forward this art to greater perfection. Is there room for greater improvement? Who can doubt it that for a moment considers the work to be done, and the means at hand for doing it! Joseph Cook has said, that the Christian Church should have in the field today one missionary for every 50,000 of the heathen on the globe. Can we doubt the ability of the Christian Church to do that? No; it is clearly within possibility. Why then is it not done? Simply because the Christian Church has not yet learned the art of doing it. There is a sufficient number of missionaries to go, but the Church stands waiting,—paralyzed, as it were, before the magnitude of the work, and waiting for some extraordinary call. But the time is pressing. The work must be done. It will not be long before the bugle call will sound, and Christian men and Christian women will hear it, and go forth unopposed for the work.

Meanwhile let us attend to the call upon us as a denomination, to arise, bestir ourselves, and go forth in earnest to our appointed work. The call is surely at our doors. We cannot fail to hear and heed it longer without forfeiting our proper mission among the Christian denominations of this new world. Our home missionary work is surely calling loudly for help. When missionaries cross the ocean to go out into our Western territories to gather there the destitute into congregations, and devote their lives to the work, and when the cry comes to our well-to-do, wealthy churches, to send help, or they must languish and perish, surely the call is at our doors. What more can we want or wait for to stir up heroic zeal in the Master's service? Surely if we let those missions perish, the Lord will forsake us and give the work into other hands.

But we will not do it. We will not suffer such an open door to be closed upon us. We will do our duty. Only let the way be pointed out, and we will walk therein. God asks nothing but what we can perform. The work to be done is before us as a Church; only let some one show us the way to perform it, and we will respond. That, we believe, is the feeling of our people. So far as our pastors have led us we have followed. Let them lead the way and we will still continue to follow.

Just now we need to have some systematic plan devised by which great things can be accomplished. It is true, method is not everything; but if we observe the ways of the world and the ways it devises to accomplish its ends and purposes, we may learn some valuable lessons for the cause of Christ.

How shall we devise a plan of systematic benevolence that shall place all our interests and operations on a good footing, so as to do most effectually the work now before us as a Church?

We have heard much in regard to the want of such a plan—such a system. Our business men have called for it. Let it be forthcoming, and if it justifies itself to the good judgment of the Church we will try it, and see whether the old historic Reformed Church cannot arise as a lion, shake its locks, and address itself in good earnest to a heroic work for the Lord. Who will write us the tract and point the way?

QUIS?

For The Messenger.

LOST TERRITORY.

Rev. G. W. Welker, D. D.

What will the Reformed Church do about it? What should she do about her lost possessions? These are questions that will soon have to be settled. We speak now of the territory once in the possession of the Reformed Church in the late slave states beyond the limits of North Carolina. As all these states are now open to the Church without let or hindrance of any kind, real or imaginary, it becomes a question for our Reformed Church whether she will with others seek to cultivate this region, or will she continue to direct all her energies to the West. There is already

to some of these states immigration from Germany, Switzerland, etc., but we suppose our German brethren will, with their united industry, look after these points, as they already have done in Kentucky, Tennessee, etc. On this ground or on some parts of it, the Reformed Church is not a stranger. Already in the early days of South Carolina, Tennessee and Kentucky, portions of their soil were possessed by members of the Reformed Church, and congregations were organized and had ministers over them, that came with them or were sent from the fatherland to watch over them. For many years these churches maintained their organization and contended for their existence even after they could no longer secure the services of ministers. Many earnest appeals were made that ministers should be sent them by the Synod. These either could not bear were not heeded—of the few men who were sent only part obeyed the order of Synod and went only as *Reiseprediger*, with no purpose to remain and save these friendless churches. They struggled hard to preserve their separate Reformed Church life, and resorted to all available means for this purpose. Already in 1739, Rev. Theuss coming as a candidate from Germany to Lexington District, South Carolina, the churches applied to an English Presbytery to ordain him. He spent a long life among these people, and in 1789 was still with them, and his neglected grave is near one of the churches he served. These churches in 1812, sent a petition signed by 18 Reformed members to the Lutheran Synod of South Carolina, to ordain William Hauck to the office of the ministry.

In the three districts of South Carolina, Newberry, Lexington and Richland, were organized congregations, where Züblly, Dubard, Peneger, and others labored and the Church prospered. After these laborers ceased from their work, Rev. Loretz, of Lincoln county, North Carolina, visited these churches for many years four times each year, and baptized the children administered the Lord's Supper. After his death for years they were neglected, for it was difficult to induce any one to visit them, but still in some way the organizations were kept up in South Carolina. I have not been able to find the report of Rev. James R. Riley, who was appointed "Reiseprediger" by the Synod, and in 1814 visited some of the churches in North Carolina, and am not able to say whether he extended his mission to the South Carolina churches or not. In 1824 my predecessor, Rev. John Rudy, was appointed by "The Mission Committee," to visit the churches in Western North Carolina and in South Carolina. His report may be found in the minutes of Synod for that year. He found eight organized congregations in South Carolina, to all of which he preached; baptized the children and administered the Lord's Supper. He found people eager for the bread of life, and the field open and inviting cultivation. With great importunity they begged of him that they might not be neglected of Synod, and his appeal for them is an earnest one, and should have been heeded in that day. This report is followed by one from Synod's committee on missions, of which Rev. J. R. Riley was Chairman, in which is presented to Synod a list of the then vacant congregations looking to it for supply. We give those lying beyond the present limits of the Reformed Church—viz., eight in South Carolina, in the three districts of Newberry, Lexington, and Richland—twelve in Tennessee on French Broad river, and five in Kentucky, in a southern part of that state (im untern Theile des Staats.) A report may be found in Synod's minutes for 1827, and also in "The Magazine of the German Reformed Church," for February, 1828, on "The Southern Section of the Reformed Church." A few sentences will only be needed from it to show the condition of this part of the Reformed vineyard and the pressing nature of its claims.

"There are still in North and South Carolina, perhaps 1500 or 1600 members of our Church and not a single minister. Of this number, it is to be feared, but few have acquaintance with practical godliness." "Rev. Mr. Boger is the only minister of our denomination in North and South Carolina, and he is but little more than a nominal minister." (Yet this nominal preacher saved the congregations in Cabarras and Rowan county, North Carolina, to the Reformed Church. He was pastor upwards of 30 years; baptized 1919 children; confirmed 627 members; married 201 couple, and preached 308 funeral sermons.) The report continues: "It may be said that while the field is gloomy, the prospects for usefulness are bright and inviting." "and we verily believe that in no other portion of our Church, or out of it, will the same amount of means and labor

yield a richer revenue of glory to God than this section of our Southern Church."

Some interest was awakened in this desolate region, and in the next year, he who is now Father Fritchey, went to North Carolina to succeed Loretz, to be followed by Crawford, who succeeded Rudy, and Lerch who succeeded Father Boger. But of the congregations, in Tennessee and Kentucky we hear no more. Their cries for help are never again heard in Synod. This great territory with its people of large hearts and open hands, has become a lost possession of the Reformed Church. I know of no records or sources of information regarding them. It may be that on the ground some tradition may yet linger—that something of their decline and extinction could be gathered from their records to be found in the offices of states in the counties in which they were located. Is there no son of the Church with leisure and means to examine this dust and recover some memorial of their lost history?

The churches on the Saluda sent up from "The Dutch Fork," however, continued appeals—"Come over and help us." These Reformed members were tenacious of their church life. In 1830 they insist on Rev. Fritchey, Loretz's successor, to visit them, and he appeals through the magazine of May in that year for help, and proposes to any minister who will take his place, that he will go down into South Carolina and save their churches, but no one accepts the challenge. Yet he makes them a visit, and perhaps others of the ministers from North Carolina. In 1832 we have the last effort of the Synod to save this inheritance of the fathers. Rev. W. C. Bennet is commissioned for four months as a missionary in the South. He took charge of six congregations in Newberry and Lexington, and reported to the Classis of North Carolina, with which he was connected in 1833, that he had baptized 13; confirmed 15; and had 67 communicant members. This is all the report. Perhaps he never returned to his charge from Classis. An ominous silence rests on the affair. He is found next in Davidson county, North Carolina, and the Synod nor the Board of Mission take no further interest in these poor, destitute people. I have before me a letter from D. Stockman of Newberry district, written in 1832; another from the Synod of Lexington district, written in 1835, leading members in their churches who piteously plead for some ministers to visit them.

This was the last appeal that I can learn of. Discouraged, neglected, these old men die in the faith of their fathers, true in their allegiance to the Reformed Church. Their children are either compelled to find a Christian home in a church their parents knew not, or to grow up in the world without God, while the name of our Church has become extinct in that region, and to day it is an alien there and has no inheritance. The extinction of these churches has left the few congregations in North Carolina isolated from all their kindred of the same faith. Here a handful of churches after a great fight and in poverty do still live. The want of ministers has been the sore trouble, and is even yet to-day, but still no one is willing to forsake all and save this Reformed heritage. Other places and work are preferred; other pleas and tears more potent. Their growth is slow and their borders are not extended. While their children have gone to Indiana, Illinois, Tennessee, Georgia, Alabama, Arkansas, etc., it has been to swell other churches, for no one has followed them with church ordinances and the word of life. It is only about one hundred miles from Lincoln county, North Carolina, to Lexington, South Carolina, and this interval should and could easily have been filled with Reformed Churches in the early days when Loretz struggled to save South Carolina to the Reformed Church, had he been supported by needed helpers. It is done—regret avails not, and we cast blame on no one. To-day the nearest Reformed Churches to them in North Carolina, on the north are those in Augusta county, Virginia, perhaps 175 miles distant in a direct line. East of the mountains the nearest Reformed Churches are in Fairfax county, Virginia, about 260 miles distant. From the valley of Virginia at Wytheville, did the Classis of Virginia work its way up the valley after her German population. It is only about 75 miles down to Newton, in North Carolina. Can these distances be closed up at one of these points, or at all, so as to make a contiguous territory for a Reformed Church? No effort has been made to cross the mountain from the valley south nor from North Carolina, to cross the Dan river in the direction of the old Reformed hive that we know of. There are several growing places in the line of this connection from Staunton to Greensboro, viz., Lynchburg and Danville, both thriving tobacco marts. From Alexandria to Greensboro, it is in line to pass through Richmond, Virginia. At these points there is no doubt but that Reformed congregations could be found already before the late war. Rev. Böhringer had gathered the nuclei of con-

gregations at Richmond and Norfolk, but the war scattered his work and drove him away to die. The Classis of Virginia has fully as much as she can do within her own territory between Staunton and the Potomac, while North Carolina Classis with her few resources of men and means is straitened within her own borders. It will have to be decided soon by our Reformed Church whether she will attempt to recover her lost territory in the South or not. If she does, then the hiatus between the border charges of North Carolina and Virginia Classis must also be closed. If not, then will it be worth while to continue the struggle of more than a hundred and fifty years to keep alive a Reformed Church in North Carolina? Some things that bear on the solution of this question will be presented in another paper.

For The Messenger.

THE POWER OF A GOOD WORD.

A word well spoken does not die with its utterance. The speaker may never know of the good done, but God notes and blesses it. In the hearts of hearers it finds lodgment bringing forth fruit of knowledge or comfort in later years. Well have such words been compared by our Saviour to seeds sown by the sower.

In the little chapel at Mercersburg, to an audience of the professors with their families, a small band of theological and college students and a few friends who worshipped with us, Dr. Gerhart preached a preparatory sermon on the words, "But let a man examine himself, and so let him eat of that bread, and drink of that cup." For he that eateth and drinketh unworthily, eateth and drinketh damnation to himself, not discerning the Lord's body." These words had always had to us the sound of terror. More than once, when but a boy, did we approach the sacramental altar with misgivings, as knowing our own frailties they kept ringing in our ears. Afraid to commune—afraid to stay away—we were in a strait betwixt two.

As we neared the time when we should be set apart to the work of the ministry, some of the old fear and misgiving clung to us. True the Order of Worship forcibly and beautifully brings out the meaning of this passage. But words can often be read and heard without reaching farther than the mind. With us at least the true import of them did not come till it was our privilege to hear the Doctor's sermon. In simple, clear language, Christ was presented as the sinner's righteousness, our own unworthiness being the proof of our need of Him. The distinction between the unworthiness of our righteousness, and the unworthiness of an unrepentant state was clearly drawn, and in affectionate exhortation we were directed to discern Christ with the eye of faith, that in our need we might find Him, the true meat and drink of our souls. More than one of our number were comforted with the word spoken in season. It was not the logic of the school, but the testimony of faith that wrought in us peace.

Several years later at an evening service, one of a series before communion, thinking some of the flock might be troubled with the doubts that had troubled us, we presented the truth as we had received it. An elder whose Christian experience and service antedated our own by many years, heard the sermon with joy and thankfulness. For others, more than for himself, he thanked us. Judging from the disturbed state of his mind in youth when the solemn sentence was read, he knew that others needed the true exposition of the text. For himself too, at that particular time, he felt that the word was aptly spoken.

Several years passed again, and to another flock the same message was delivered. An elderly gentleman had for many years been bearing in his heart the burdening sense of his own unworthiness. The joy of the sacrament was not his. Its benefit he received, but never without the cloud which rested on his soul, through what to him was a word of terror. He remained after service to say, with feeling and gratitude, that doubts that had troubled him for years were now dispelled, and that he looked to the coming communion with an expectation he never had before.

With him this was not the emotion of a day, but the theme of his conversation and reason for his thankfulness long after. When the eye of faith is once opened to the divine truth it is not easily closed.

What we preach is not for a day, nor a year, but for eternity. How needful that preaching we preach well, that our words fitly spoken, may be like "Apples of gold in pictures of silver."

S. S. KEEN.

Family Reading.

A SPANISH ANECDOTE.

Lord Houghton.

It was a holy usage, to record
Upon each refectory's side or end,
The last mysterious supper of our Lord,
That meaneast appetites might upward tend.

Within the convent palace of old Spain
Rich with the gifts and monuments of kings,
Hung such a picture, said by some to reign
The sovereign glory of those wondrous things.

A painter of far fame, in deep delight,
Dwelt on each beauty he so well discerned,
While, in low tones, a gray Geronimite
This answer to his ecstasy returned:

"Stranger! I have received my daily meal
In this good company, now three-score years,
And thou, whoe'er thou art, canst hardly feel
How Time these lifeless images endears.

"Lifeless! ah no! both Faith and Art have given
That passing hour a life of endless rest,
And every soul who loves the food of Heaven
May to that table come a welcome guest.

"Lifeless! ah no! while in mine heart are stored
Sad memories of my brethren dead and gone,
Familiar places vacant round our board,
And still that silent supper lasting on;

"While I review my youth,—what I was then,—
What I am now, and ye, beloved ones all!
It seems as if these were the living men,
And we the colored shadows on the wall!"

HINDU WIDOWS.

By One of Them.

(Written by a young widow, and translated
by an English lady.)

When a husband dies, his wife suffers as much as if the death angel had come for her too. She must not be approached by any of her relatives, but several women, from three to six, wives of barbers (a class who are appointed for this office), are in waiting; and as soon as the husband's last breath is drawn, they rush at the new-made widow and tear off her ornaments. Ear and nose rings are dragged off, often tearing the flesh; ornaments plaited into the hair are torn away, and if the arms are covered with gold and silver bracelets, they do not take the time to draw them off one by one, but, holding her arm on the ground, they hammer with a stone until the metal, often solid and heavy, breaks in two; it matters not to them how many wounds are inflicted, neither if the widow is but a child of six or seven, who does not know what a husband means, they have no pity.

At that time two sorrows come to every widow—one from God, and another from her own people, who should cherish and protect her, but who desert and execrate her.

If the husband dies away from home, then, on the arrival of the fatal news, all this is done.

At the funeral all the relatives, men and women, have to accompany the corpse to the burning ghat. If they are rich and have carriages, they must not use them, but all go on foot. The men follow the corpse, the women (all the ladies well wrapped up) come after, and last the widow, led along by the barbers' wives. They take care that at least 200 feet intervene between her and any other woman, for it is supposed that if her shadow fall on any (her tormentors excepted) she also would become a widow, therefore no relative, however much sympathy she may feel in secret, dare look on her face. One of the rough, cruel women goes in front, and calls aloud to any passer-by to get out of the way of the accursed thing, as if the poor widow were a wild beast; and others drag her along.

Arrived at the river tank, or well, where the body is to be burned, they push her into the water, and as she falls she must lie, with her clothes on, till the body has been burned, and all the company have bathed, washed their clothes and dried them. When they are all ready to start for home, but not before, they drag her out, and in her wet things she must trudge home. It matters not what the weather is, in the burning sun, or with an icy wind blowing from the Himalayas; they care not if she dies. Oh! I would rather choose the Sati!!!

Many are happy enough to die in consequence of these sorrows, for, however ill they may become, no care is taken of them and no medicine given.

For fifteen days after a funeral the relations must eat and drink only once a day, but the widow must keep up this for a year, with frequent fasts. When she returns from the funeral, she must sit or lie in a corner on the ground, in the same clothes she had on when her husband died, whether still wet or by this time dry. Now and then one of the barbers' wives comes and looks after her; but if she is poor and not able to pay for their kind attentions any longer, she must sit alone. Oh, cruel place! Each widow knows you well, and remembers you with bitterness!! Separated from her husband—though she lives, she is not alive!

Not only is she deprived of comforts, but her friends add to her misery. Though she is in her corner alone, and must not speak to anyone, they are near and talk at her in this way: Her mother says, "Unhappy creature! I can't bear the thought of any one so vile. I wish she had never

been born." Her mother-in-law says: "The horrid viper! She has bitten my son and killed him; and now he is dead, and she, useless creature, is left behind."

Every indignity that tongue can speak is heaped upon her, lest the standers by, or perchance the gods, should think they had any sympathy for her. Oh God! I pray Thee let no woman be born in this land!!

The sister-in-law says: "I will not look at or speak to such a thing." They comfort the dead man's mother, and say, "It is your daughter-in-law, vile thing, who has destroyed your home; curse her! For her sake you have to mourn for the rest of your life." To the widow they say, "What good are you? Why are you still living in this world?" If she cries and shows her grief, they all say, "How immodest! how abandoned! See, she is crying for a husband!" They have no pity. Only those who have been through this know what it is. You must feel this grief to prove it. Whose feet have the chilblains, feels the pain. For thirteen days the widow must sit and bear this.

On the eleventh day comes a Brahmin, and like a policeman who comes to a culprit, orders money and oil and other things to be given him. However poor the widow may be, money or the promise of it, must be given; from the very poorest at least Rs. 13. Other Brahmins make other demands; and if the family is rich, the demands are very high. A poor widow often has to labor at grinding corn, or some other hard work, to earn the money to pay. Oh Lord! why hast Thou created us to make us suffer thus? From birth to death, sorrow is our portion. While our husbands live, we are their slaves; when they die, we are still worse off. But they have all they want here, and promises for the next life.

The thirteenth day is a bad day, though then the widow is allowed to take off the clothes she has worn ever since her husband died, and may bathe. The relatives all gather and lay before the widow rupees, which are supposed to be a provision for her for life, but they do not spare their reproaches. If the rupees given amount to any large sum, it is taken charge of by some male relative, who does it out. Now, again, the Brahmins come for more money. The widow's head is shaved, and there is another Brahminical tax. Then the barbers' wives have to be paid.

Six weeks after the husband dies the widow must once again put on the hateful clothes she wore for these thirteen days (abhorred garments! If a widow by chance catches sight of them she shudders, as if a fresh widowhood were hers); and then, if possible, she must go on a pilgrimage to the Ganges; then, after bathing there, the clothes may be thrown into the river.

After a year has passed away, a widow who is living with her father and mother may wear ornaments again. But why is this? If you ask the parents, they say, "Poor girl, she has not seen much of life; if she cannot wear jewels now, while we live, she can never wear them; and how can she live a long life without them? We can't bear to see her naked. How could we wear jewels, and she sit before us bare?" But I say, if they cannot bear to see her pass her life without jewels, how can they bear to see her pass her life without a husband, or any of the pleasures of life? A veil of ignorance has fallen upon them, so that they cannot see things in their right light. If they cannot bear to see her sorrow, they should let her marry again. What medicine for a wounded spirit will she find in jewels? Let them first take some care for her heart.

The widows who have no parents are still more to be pitied; they have to serve as servants to their brothers or sons' wives. Every one knows that if there are widows in a house, servants need not be hired. A sister-in-law rules over a widow, and they quarrel day and night; if a widow remains in her husband's house, it is the same; she is hated by mother and sisters-in-law, and beaten from place to place. If, for the sake of peace, she would like to live alone, she loses her character. If she has children, she works for them while they are young; when the sons marry, she is their wives' servant. If a widow is childless and rich (by the money given her after her husband's death), her relatives choose some boy to be her heir, and to be provided for by her. She may bring him up with care, but when he gets big he takes her property, and only gives her food and clothes, while she waits on his wife. A widow has no power over property supposed to be her own. It is happier for a widow to be poor, and earn her living by grinding corn.

Why do the widows of India suffer so? Not for religion or piety. It is not written in our ancient books, in any of the Shasters or the Mahabharat. None of them has a sign of this suffering. What Pun-dit has brought it on us? Alas! that all hope is taken from us! We have not sinned; then why are thorns instead of flowers given us?

The only difference for us since Sati was abolished is, that we then died quickly, if cruelly; but now we die all our lives in lingering pain.

We are agast at the great number of widows. How is it that there are so many? The answer is this, that if an article is constantly supplied and never used up, it must accumulate. So it is with widows; nearly every man who dies leaves one, often more; so, though thousands die, more live on.

*Sati, or Suttee, is the old custom of burning widows on the funeral pile with the bodies of their husbands.

The English have abolished Sati; but, alas! neither the English nor the angels know what goes on in our homes, and Hindus not only don't care, but think it good!

What! do not the Hindus fear what such oppression may bring?

If the widows' shadow is to be dreaded, why do they darken and overshadow the whole land with it?

I am told that in England they comfort the widows' hearts; but there is no comfort for us.—*Journal of the National Indian Association.*

INFINITE MEASUREMENTS.

Each human life represents infinitude. Each thought, however evanescent, may have its period of resurrection. The most minute details of probationary existence are imperishable. God is eternal; the soul, with its vast chain of earthly experiences, is immortal. To live, therefore, regardless of that unending future, is consummate folly.

It is said that a great Florentine sculptor had long and patiently toiled to complete his favorite statue. At the final moment, when the last touch had been given, he gazed with proud satisfaction upon the completed work, and exclaimed, "Speak now, for I am sure you can!"

We are daily chiseling for eternity. Many years, or few, may pass before the final touch. We believe that the Divine hand has much to do in shaping character; but at each stage of the work, the human determines the result. Let us be wise. Let us remember that limitless boundaries of being are soon to open before us. Let us choose the divine model; fashion our lives after Christ's likeness; in the most delicate and hidden processes of character-building, let us observe only the one copy, so that we may become the exact counterpart of Himself. The final work wrought out will speak for itself. At the last, we shall be "changed into the same image," we "shall be like Him."

ORIGIN OF LYTE'S HYMN, "ABIDE WITH ME."

About forty years ago, Wilson, in his "Noctes Ambrosianæ," says: "Have you seen a little volume entitled 'Tales in Verse,' by the Rev. H. F. Lyte, which seems to have reached a second edition? Now that is the right kind of religious poetry." And the Christian world has unanimously agreed that Wilson was right. No finer religious poetry has ever been given to the world, or poetry that was more uplifting in its every line, than that of the obscure country rector—obscure while living, but famous since his death. He was born of gentle blood, at Kelso, in June, 1793, but, owing to narrow means, was compelled to struggle hard for his education. He graduated from his studies with honor, however, but settled down into a "dreary Irish curacy," where he toiled until compelled by ill health to resign. He finally settled at Brixham, where he toiled for twenty years under many a cloud of pastoral difficulty and discouragement. While here he wrote the beautiful hymn which is known by all Christians, of whatever denomination. It contains eight verses. The first line will recall the whole—

"Abide with me: fast falls the eventide."

This hymn was the last poetic utterance of Lyte, written as the shadows of the dark valley were closing his labors on earth. Through he was, as he says, scarcely "able to crawl," he made one more attempt to preach and to administer the Holy Communion. "Oh, brethren!" said he, "I can speak feelingly, experimentally on this point; and I stand before you seasonably to-day, as alive from the dead, if I may hope to impress it upon you, and induce you to prepare for that solemn hour which must come to all; by a timely acquaintance with, appreciation of, and a dependence on the death of Christ." Many tearful eyes witnessed the distribution of the sacred elements, as given out by one who was already standing with one foot in the grave. Having given, with his dying breath, a last adieu to his surrounding flock he retired to his chamber, fully aware of his near approach to the end of time. As the evening of the sad day gathered its darkness, he handed to a near and dear relative this immortal hymn, with music accompanying which he had prepared:

"Abide with me: fast falls the eventide;
The darkness deepens; Lord, with me abide;
When other helpers fail, and comforts flee,
Help of the helpless, O abide with me.

"Sweet to its close ebb, life's little day;
Earth's joys grow dim, its glories pass away.
Change and decay on all around I see,
O Thou, who changest not, abide with me."

The Master did abide with him the few more days he spent on earth. His end is described as that of "the happy Christian poet, singing while strength lasted;" and while entering the dark valley, pointing upwards with smiling countenance, he whispered, "Peace, joy!"—*Episcopal Register.*

THE BENEVOLENCE OF THE PRIMITIVE CHRISTIANS.

They were men of enlarged philanthropy. Their hearts not only burned with fervent charity one toward another, but swelled with the wish of benevolence toward all men. The apostle of the Gentiles earnestly enjoined his converts to remember the poor; he taught them to provide a common fund for this purpose by weekly contributions of all, as God had prospered

them, 1 Cor. 16: 2; but himself in the wide range of his missionary tours, became the almoner of the charity of the Churches to afflicted saints in foreign countries. The custom in these primitive times seems to have been for every one on the Lord's day, at the close of public worship, to bring to the notice of the assembly the case of the poor, the aged, the widow, or the orphan, of whose necessities he had any knowledge; and forthwith provision was made for such from the public fund created by their weekly contributions. This custom is distinctly specified by Justin Martyr in the middle of the second century, and by Tertullian at the close of it as is indicated in the following paragraphs:

"Of those who have abundance and are willing, each at his pleasure gives what he thinks fit. What is collected is deposited with the president, who succors the fatherless and the widows, and those who are in bonds, and the strangers who are sojourning among us. In a word, he provides for all who are in need.

"What is collected in the public chest is no dishonorable sum, as if it belonged to a purchased religion. Every one makes a small contribution on a certain day, or when he chooses; provided only he is willing and able; for no one is compelled; all is voluntary. The amount is, as it were, a common fund of piety, since it is expended, not in feasting or drinking or indecent excess, but in feeding and burying the poor and in supporting children of either sex who have neither parents nor means of subsistence, and old men now confined to their houses and incapable of work; in relieving those who have been shipwrecked; and, if there are any in the mines, or in the islands or in prison, provided they suffer for the cause of God's religion, they are the recipients of the bounty to which their confession entitles them. But even the working of a charity like this is made by some a cause of censure against us."—*Ancient Christianity Exemplified.*

THE MISTAKE.

I was working a beautiful flower—
A lily of spotless hue—
And forget-me-nots about it
With fairy bells of blue.
My pattern was well-nigh perfect
And I loved my task full well,
And the fancies that clustered around it
Were more than I can tell.

I was thinking of lords and ladies
In the knightly days of old;
Of stories, that ruined castles
Might from their depths unfold;
Of delicate fingers moving
While the minstrels gaily sung;
Of the weaving of banners emblazoned
While halls resounding rung.

With enchanting narrations of prowess,
Of chivalric duty done,
Where most trusty lances glittered
In the light of Europe's sun.
I remembered fair ones sitting
From morn until shady eve,
Embroidering manifold leaves and buds
That did their lives inwreath.

But alas! and alas! for my flower,
My lily of spotless hue,
I forgot what fancy flitted
That my work was growing too.
The lily deformed and shapeless
Unlike to the pattern fair
Gave proof of my careless endeavors
While my thought was other where.

Then I thought of a far greater Model
Set before us every day,
That we often neglect to follow
As we walk our erring way.
We read of the life all lovely
Once led by the Man Divine,
And we long to resemble our Master—
To let His graces shine.

Reflected in all of our doings,
In every wish and word,
Yet we scarcely heed the teachings
That come from Christ our Lord.
Allured by our dreams of pleasure
We wander away from Him,
And our copies of His example
Are all misshaped and dim.

INFIDELITY OF THE HEART, NOT OF THE HEAD.

A lawyer, bright and gifted, sent for the writer, and on meeting him, began to speak of his recent experience.

"I have just got faith," he said; "and it has come to me so strangely that I want to tell you about it.

"For years I was a skeptic, reading everything on the subject of Christianity, and sometimes giving the weight of evidence to the one side, sometimes to the other, but never quite able to hold both in the firm grasp of my mind at once, and balance the evidence so as to form an abiding conclusion. And so I drifted between doubt and probability like a helmless wreck in the tossing waves of uncertainty.

"At length I married a Christian wife. Every night she read with me in her Bible and prayed, and I tacitly assented, more from love to her than any real interest. But all the while I saw in her something which I did not possess, and which was worth more than all my intellectual superiority. One short year we lived together, and then she died. More than ever in these last sufferings did I see the reality and value of her faith, and when I found myself alone—stunned with grief, and without one prop on earth to cling to—I found myself also, without even thinking why, instinctively crying out in my agony to her God for help and comfort.

"Instantly I felt the answer. Before I

had time to reason whether I believed or not, my heart had cried in its orphanage, and had heard the answering heart of God. And that touch of love and comfort was so sweet and real that I just kept on praying, and the same answer has ever come, and I know it is God; so that now you see I have got faith, I hardly know how. But I know it is faith, and I know it is true, and that is enough for me."

Yes, he had sought for God, where alone God ever can meet man, "in spirit and in truth," in the simplicity of the heart, in the attitude not of the proud censor, but the helpless child and the penitent sinner.

When will men cease to strain their weary eyes toward a cold and lofty region where the Father is not found, and simply turn to the cradle of Bethlehem, the cross of Calvary, the footstool of simple, lowly penitence, to find Him, who has Himself said: "I dwell with him that is humble, and of a contrite heart, and that trembleth at my word."

Sir James Simpson has summed up a volume in one sentence of his spiritual biography, where he has said substantially, "I sought for God in lofty reasonings and learned philosophy, but I never found Him until I just came as a little bairn."—*The Word, the Work and the World.*

WILL SHE CARE?

The congregation of a fashionable New York church is just at present energetically discussing the question of "ought we to visit her?" a large majority of the members, it is reported, inclining to the negative. The "her" in this case is the mother of their pastor, a woman of irreproachable moral character and unobtrusive manners. Although no fault can be found with her manners or her morals, she has in the past been guilty of that which determines society or Christians to withhold from her the ordinary courtesies of social life. Her offence is that, in former days, in order to support herself and a family of children, she pursued the calling of a washerwoman, and a people which worships a son of a carpenter refuses to extend social recognition to a worthy woman who, by the faithful performance of lowly duties, has aided her son to attain his present honorable position.—*Presbyterian.*

Selections.

The sublimity of wisdom is to do those things living which are to be desired when dying.

Most of the shadows that cross our path through life are caused by standing in our own light.

Friendship closes its eyes rather than see the moon eclipsed; while malice denies that it is ever at the full.—*Augustus Harre.*

The diamond fallen into the dirt is not, the less precious, and the dust raised by high winds to heaven is not the less vile.—*Persian Proverb.*

There is but one road to lead us to God—humility; all other ways would only lead astray, even were they fenced in with all virtues.—*L'Abbe Boileau.*

Is thy cruse of comfort wasting? Rise and share it with another,
And through all the years of famine it shall serve thee and thy brother.

Love divine will fill thy storehouse, or thy hand-ful still renew;
Scanty fare for one will often make a royal feast for two.

Man is not born to solve the problem of the universe, but to find out what he has to do; and to restrain himself within the limits of his comprehension.—*Goethe.*

Where four roads met, an ancient sign-post stood,
Its wizened arms all lichen'd o'er and grey,
Half fallen from their sockets through decay
That daily triumph'd o'er the crumbling wood;
And though it linger'd on in hardihood,
'Twas but a relic of a by-gone day,
For all its guiding words were worn away,
With long neglect had vanished former good.
So, stationed at the cross roads of the heart,
Is that true sign-post, Conscience, clear and bright;

Which, cherished, ever points our way aright;
From which, neglected, day by day depart
All grace and virtue, till at length it stands,
A dull, dead sign, with empty, nerveless hands.
—*G. Weatherly.*

Useful Hints and Recipes.

CUP CAKE.—One cup of sugar, one cup of sour cream, one egg well beaten, sifted flour to make rather a thin batter, half a teaspoonful soda; baked in jelly tins makes a nice, light layer cake.

RICE MERINGUE.—One cup of rice, boiled tender. When cold, add the yolks of three eggs, a tablespoonful of sugar, one cup of sweet cream, a little salt, the rind of one lemon grated, and bake. Beat the whites of the three eggs to a froth, add one and one-half cups of sugar and the juice of two lemons. Pour on top and brown.

"Don't use buttons, but get studs. My husband got half a dozen small round-headed celluloid studs two years ago, and he likes them so much that he has cut off all his shirt-buttons. He has broken only one, and lost none, although he has been doing the roughest kind of work. Be sure, however, and have the button-holes small and well made."

COCOA-NUT CONES.—One pound of cocoa-nut grated, half pound of sugar, the whites of two eggs, and the yolk of one egg. Beat the yolk well; add the sugar to it, then the cocoa-nut and whites of the eggs beaten to a stiff froth. Drop by the teaspoonful on sheets of buttered paper placed on tins. Form each little cake into the shape of a cone, and bake in a moderate oven about half an hour.

BROILED BEEFSTEAK.—To cook a good, juicy beefsteak, never pound it, but slash it several times across each way; have a nice, bright fire, and broil as quickly as possible, without burning, if the coals blaze from the drippings, sprinkle on a little salt, which will instantly extinguish the flames. Steak should be turned constantly while broiling, and to be rare should not be cooked over three minutes; butter and salt after taking up. This should be served very hot.

Mouth's Department.

THE TWINS OF ITALY.

Long years ago, across the sea,
Two lovely baby boys
Filled a small home with merry glee,
With laughter, fun, and noise.

Their young Italian mother sat
Beside her door and spun,
While by her side her lovely twins
Rolled laughing in the sun.
Till, tired at last, they'd leave their play,
And by her side recline,
While she of little Jesus told,
The babe of Palestine.

One day a handsome stranger passed
The humble cottage door,
And standing at their mother's knee
The pretty pair he saw.

Not laughing now, but rapt and still,
With calm uplifted eyes,
Hearing the oft-repeated tale
With ever-fresh surprise.

The stranger heard the story too,
And to the mother said:
"And will you bring your boys to see
A picture I have made?"

"A picture of the Jesus-child
Held on His mother's arm.
If you will bring your lovely twins,
They shall be safe from harm."

And so, ere many days had passed,
The mother brought her boys
To where the handsome painter lived,
Who gave them sweets and toys,
And played with them and fondled them,
And so acquaintance made,
Till they to come there every day
No longer were afraid.

And then each day he painted them
As first he saw them stand,
One chin upon the folded arms,
One resting on the hand.

And made of each an angel-child
With wings like little bird;
And placed them at the feet of Him
Whose story they had heard.

And still, though centuries have passed,
The glorious picture stands
Just as it left, so long ago,
The painter Raphael's hands.

And still the fair Italian twins
With earnest eyes you see
Just as they stood that summer's day
Beside their mother's knee.

—Harper's Young People.

MURRAY KENT'S VICTORY.

It was on the first day of the term at Dr. Dale's school, and the boys that were back again were gathered in the playground. Suddenly one exclaimed: "Where's Murray! isn't he coming back—there's no fun or anything else if Murray Kent isn't here?"

"Precious little fun he'll bring with him this term," answered Tom Ladd.

"Why?" came from all lips, "has anything happened to him?"

"Expect you'll think so, when you see him. Murray's turned 'pious' this vacation; no more fun out of him."

A hush fell upon the noisy group. Murray Kent, bright, merry Murray, Dr. Dale's especial pride, first in his classes and every out-door sport, too; this boy, their hero and pride, was now a Christian—had turned "pious," Tom Ladd said.

Ed Baker broke the silence. "See here, boys, I don't believe Murray will be altered very much; he's always been the best of us all. At any rate, he's not changed beyond recognition, for there he comes. Let's give him a good, hearty welcome."

Little did they guess, as they ran to meet him—each with a wonder in his heart if Murray was changed, which showed in his greeting—how the boy saw it in all of them, and earnestly prayed he might not bring dishonor to his Master's name.

But as they watched him the first day or two they could see no tangible change; he was different, just how, they could not tell.

"Our saint," Tom Ladd called him one time. Ed Baker turned upon him. "Just you hold up your sneers about Murray; if he's a Christian, he'll be a true one. For my part, I like him better for it, though none of us needed a change for the better so little as he."

There were no more sneers after that, and soon they had forgotten it, all but Ed. He kept close watch of his friend to see if he held out in the way he, too, was "almost persuaded" to tread. Nearly all of Dr. Dale's boys were sons of well-to-do fathers, though a few were helped, or were struggling alone themselves. One of the latter class, Joe Hosmer, belonged with our friends to the graduating class. He was a peculiar boy, and not very well liked by the others; but Ed noticed that this term Murray took more notice of him—seemed trying to win him from his moroseness to a more genial state of mind. At

first, Ed was inclined to look upon Murray's kindness to Joe as intruding upon his own rights; but his better nature conquered, and he, too, befriended Joe.

"Just for variety's sake, boys," he said, "I should have been eager as any to bow before him if he were 'flush.' I'm only varying the monotony of life by bowing because he's empty-handed."

At the beginning of the course a prize of \$100 had been offered to the one who stood highest at the close. It had been offered by an old friend of Dr. Dale's, who, having no relatives, had left his property to schools and poor boys working their way. Thus far, Murray and Joe stood side by side, and Ed "just ready to jump in if they fell out," he said.

With Joe it was a serious matter; if he won, he could go on uninterruptedly with his studies; if not, he must work for a year or two any way, perhaps longer. At that thought he would bend to his studies with redoubled energy. In fact, Ed told him that should he and Murray continue losing flesh till examinations, there would not be enough left of either to obtain the prize—in that case it would be his.

It had been Murray's ambition to graduate with highest honors. Often he had pictured to himself the day when he would take home to his invalid mother the glad news of his victory. Then, too, had not Uncle Murray promised him a trip to Europe if successful—"he would need it to recuperate," he told him.

As for Ed, he said if Murray got it he should want to forget Joe entirely; shouldn't have a minute's peace till he could. And on the other hand, the thought of poor Murray would make him miserable. "Surely, I wouldn't be the one myself, for with both on my heart I shouldn't survive it long."

The time passed along till the last week had come; the very last day came finally. It was Monday morning; Tuesday the examination began. Everybody was busy, and wore an anxious look—Joe, Murray and Ed particularly. From the first, a few of the boys had kept in a book the solution of the most difficult problems in mathematics, that when reviewing they might not have to work them out. Murray had promised himself this day to review that branch, but was busy a short time in the morning otherwise. He had not commenced when Joe came into his room, his face the very picture of despair; "I've given it up, Murray. I've lost my Problem Book—there's no hope for it now. I'll give you my congratulations, and go off to hunt up work. You will be the one 'the king delighteth to honor' without fail." And overcome with his feelings, Joe turned and left the room, too proud to show more how great the trial was.

For just one moment a thrill of joy went through Murray's heart, then he left, and his face was almost a counter-part of poor Joe's. For weeks the question had haunted him—Ought he to whom the prize was only a gratification of his pride and ambition—ought he to strive against Joe, to whom it meant so much? Very well Murray knew his proud uncle would hold to the terms—none but his mother, perhaps not even she, would forgive or forget he was beaten by a "poor boy." None but Murray knew how hard the struggle was—it was hard to give it up voluntarily.

An hour later there was a knock at Joe's door.

"See here, old fellow—why didn't I tell you when you came to my room, that I had finished using my 'Problem Book'?" You can have it as well as not. I shall congratulate you after all, Joe."

It almost paid him then when he saw Joe's face light up.

"God bless you, Murray. You don't know what a trial it was. But I'll not touch the book if you are not through with it yourself. If it were not so much to me, I would not even try to go ahead of you. You have been so kind to me—"

"Nonsense, Joe; I've done nothing, and I don't want the book. Now go in and win."

And Joe did win. How his whole face beamed with joy when he heard the decision!

"I owe it to you, Murray," he said afterwards. "I can never bless you enough for your help."

"How do you owe it to him? Strikes me you've wasted flesh enough for it, your own self," said Ed.

"Oh, but I lost my 'Problem Book' on Monday and Murray lent me his."

"Oh!" said Ed. That night he went to Murray's room.

"I know it all, Murray; if you haven't won the prize you've won me to your Master. Is that any compensation?"

"It is joy worth ten thousand prizes,

Ed." Murray did not go to Europe, but I do not think he felt it very seriously, nor any of the cutting remarks about being beaten by a "poor boy."

The joy he found in his victory over self crowded out the thoughts of loss.—*Examiner and Chronicle.*

SACRED ANIMALS IN INDIA.

In every large city there are walled tanks where sacred crocodiles await the contributions of the pious. In Benares they subsist upon the rent of a real estate legacy, and occasional donations of the wealthy produce merchants. But even the poorest of the poor contribute to the support of the sacred baboons. The bhunder-baboon and the Hanuman (*Cercopithecus entellus*) have every reason to regard themselves as the primates of the animal kingdom, and man as an humble relative, gifted with certain horticultural talents for the purpose of ministering to the wants of his four-handed superiors. Northern India is dotted with mahakhunds or monkey farmers, where thousands of long-tailed saints are provided with shelter, respectful attendants, and three substantial meals a day, on the sole condition that they shall renounce their sylvan haunts and bless the neighborhood with the influence of their holy presence. Sick monkeys are sent to the next bhunder-hospital, generally a well endowed and well managed institution, with a special *dhevar* or responsible major-domo. The little town of Cawnpore has eight such infirmaries, Benares twenty or twenty-five, some of them with a sub-division for incurables and chronic dyspeptics!—*Popular Science.*

IT IS ALL THE LITTLE BOOK.

Something more than a year ago, as the writer was sitting in a railway carriage, a pleasant voice sung out:

"Paper, sir; paper, sir; morning paper, lady?"

There was nothing new in the words, nothing new to see a small boy with a package of papers under his arm; but the voice, so low and musical—its clear, pure tones, mellow as a flute, tender as only love and sorrow could make—called up hallowed memories. One look at the large, brown eyes, the broad forehead, the mass of nut-brown curls, the pinched and hollow cheeks, and his history was known.

"What is your name, my boy?" I asked, as half-blind with tears, I reached out my hand for a paper.

"Johnny—," the last name I did not catch.

"You can read?"

"O yes; I've been to school a little," said Johnny, glancing out of the window, to see if there was need of haste.

I had a little brother once, whose name was Johnny. He had the same brown hair and tender, loving eyes; and perhaps it was on this account I felt very much disposed to throw my arms around Johnny's neck, and to kiss him on his thin cheek. There was something pure about the child, standing modestly there in his patched clothes and little, half-worn shoes, his collar coarse, but spotless white, his hands clean and beautifully moulded. A long, shrill whistle, however, with another, short and peremptory, and Johnny must be off. There was nothing to choose; my little Testament, with its neat binding and pretty steel clasp, was in Johnny's hand.

"You will read it, Johnny?"

"I will, lady; I will."

There was a moment—we were off. I strained my eyes out of the window after Johnny, but I did not see him; and shutting them dreamed what there was in store for him—not forgetting his love and care for the destitute, tender-voiced boy.

A month since I made the same journey and passed over the same railroad. Halting for a moment's respite at one of the many places on the way, what was my surprise to see the same boy, taller, healthier, with the same calm eyes and pure voice!

"I've thought of you, lady," he said; "I wanted to tell you it's all the little book."

"What's all the little book, Johnny?"

"The little book has done it all. I carried it home, and father read it. He was out of work then, and mother cried over it. At first, I thought it was a wicked book to make them feel so bad; but the more they read it, the more they cried, and it's all been different since. It's all the little book; we live in a better house now, and father don't drink, and mother says 'twill be all right again.'"

Dear little Johnny, he had to talk so

fast; but his eyes were bright and sparkling, and his brown face all aglow.

"I'm not selling many papers now, and father says maybe I can go to school this winter."

Never did I so crave for a moment of time. But now the train was in motion. Johnny lingered as long as prudence would allow.

"It's all the little book," sounded in my ear; the little book that told of Jesus and His love for poor, perishing men. What a change! A comfortable home; the man no more a slave to strong drink. Hope was in the hearts of the parents; health mantled the cheeks of the children. No wonder Johnny's words came brokenly! From the gloom of despair to a world of light; from being poor and friendless, the little book told them of One, mighty to save, the very friend they needed, the precious Elder Brother, with a heart all love, all tenderness.

Would that all the Johnnies who sell papers, and fathers that drink, and mothers that weep over the ruins of once happy homes, would take to their wretched dwellings the little book that tells of Jesus and His love! And not only these, but all the Johnnies that have no parents, living in filth and wretchedness—would that they could learn from this little book what a friend they have in Jesus.—*Appeal.*

THE SNOW MAN.

AFTER a winter's night,
When snow had fallen, noiseless, damp and white,

The sleigh bells' merry chime
And sled and snow-ball, made a gala time,
While hither and thither ran
Ted and the boys, making a huge snow-man.

And gay indeed they were
To Gold-Locks, little half-sick prisoner,
As through her window pane
All day she watched them tug with might and main,

Like heroes every one,
Toiling until the clumsy thing was done.

It stood, at last, upright,
As winter twilight darkened into night;
The boys were tired out;
Street lamps began to glimmer round about;

And to his chilly fate
Was left the snow-man, white and desolate.

Another morning broke;
Gold-Locks awoke, Ted and the boys awoke;
Still was the snow-man there,
Awkward and ugly in the bitter air,
With Gold-Locks' little shawl
Across his shoulder flung, so red and small.

We never really knew
Whose was this charity, so tender, true,
For in a pitying mood
Some one had tried to warm him where he stood.

We laughed aloud to see,
And Gold-Locks blushed, but never a word said she.
—Mrs. Clara Doty Bates, in *Congregationalist.*

A FIGHT ON THE PRAIRIE.

From natural enemies buffaloes have little to fear. The wolves that skulk in and out among the herds are always on the outlook for the sick, the aged, and the young, but they never attack the strong and healthy animals of which the vast droves are composed. Indeed, the only creature at all likely to cope with the gigantic strength of the bison is the grizzly bear, and even it will seldom assume the aggressive unless there be no help for it. Sometimes, however, means of escape are cut off; or the grizzly may be a she-bear accompanied by her cubs, which she will never desert. Anxiety for their safety will, therefore, compel her to offer battle. Facing each other for a few moments, the bison, its small eyes flashing fire, speedily charges the bear with sudden and furious onslaught. And such a charge! Few animals could stand up against it, for with a well-directed blow of its heavy head it will hurl the grizzly savage to the ground. Should the bear succeed in avoiding the assault, and grip the bison, then it is the latter's turn to quake, for the embrace of the grizzly is almost invariably fatal. As soon as they are at close quarters there is little hope for the buffalo, which is hugged gradually to death.

OPINIONS OF OLD FOLKS.

The following remark of a little girl shows an opinion of her elders the reverse of flattering:

"Oh, dear," she exclaimed to her doll, "I do wish you would sit still. I never saw such an uneasy thing in all my life. Why don't you act like grown folks, and be still and stupid for a while?"

In contrast with this was the delicate compliment paid to his mother. The family were discussing at the supper-table the qualities which go to make up the good wife. Nobody thought the little fellow had been listening, or could understand

the talk, until he leaned over the table and kissed his mother, and said:

"Mamma, when I get big enough I'm going to marry a lady just exactly like you."—*Christian at Work.*

Pleasantries.

Old Mrs. B came to town last week from Indiana, on an excursion, and when she was asked why she was in such a hurry to leave, she replied: "I've got to. You see as how I came in on an exertion train and my ticket perspires to-night."

When a cold wave sweeps down from the Northwest, and the sympathies of the charitable go out toward those in the midst of us who are ill prepared to meet the rigors of winter, how many of the philanthropic ever give a thought to the distress of the poor Kennebec River ice-men as their visions of a monopoly in ice suddenly pass away.

Heard in a hotel office: "Is there a fire company within a block of this hotel?" "Yes, sir." "And a hook and ladder company near?" "Yes, sir." "And fire-escapes on all sides of the building?" "Yes, sir." "And extinguishers at every door?" "Yes, sir." "And rope-ladders in every apartment?" "Yes, sir." "Well, if you can give me a room on the first floor, with a window opening into a back alley, I will stay all night."

A new rival brass band was hired to play at the funeral of a Connecticut deacon. They were playing a slow and solemn dirge at the grave, when suddenly the trombone man shot out a blast that started the hearse horses and broke up the whole procession. The leader, turning upon him fiercely, asked him what he was doing that for. He answered, with a smile: "Wall, I thought it was a note, and it wan't nothing but a hoss-fly; but I played it."

He was a bran-new office-boy, young, pretty-faced, with golden ringlets and blue eyes. Just such a boy as one would imagine would be taken out of his little trundle-bed in the middle of the night and transported beyond the stars. The first day he glanced over the library in the editorial room, became acquainted with everybody, knew all the printers, and went home in the evening as happy and cheery as a sunbeam. The next day he appeared, leaned out of the back window, expectorated on a bald-headed printer's pate; tied the cat up by the tail in the hallway; had four fights with another boy; borrowed two dollars from an occupant of the building, saying his mother was dead; collected his two days' pay from the cashier; hit the janitor with a broomstick; pawned a coat belonging to a member of the editorial staff; wrenched the knobs off the doors; upset the ice-cooler; pied three galleys of type; and mashed his finger in the small press. On the third day a note was received, saying: "Mi Mother do not want I to work in such a dull place. She says I Would make a Good preacher. so Do I. my finger is Better; gone fishin'. Yours Till Deth do Yank us."

"I am a quiet, unostentatious man, and never harm nobody," said the intruder, moistening the palms of his hands and taking a firmer grasp of the ax-helve, "but if you don't come down with that seventeen dollars to soothe my feelings, there will be trouble here in Austin." "Was the boy bitten so very badly by my dog?" asked the terrified owner of the animal, who is one of the most timid men in Austin. "He was bitten just seventeen dollars worth," replied the intruder, swinging the weapon around his head. "Here is your money," replied the owner of the dog. The intruder put the money in his pocket, and was about to leave, when the proprietor of the dog remarked: "I hope your son was not bitten badly." "Why, he ain't my son. I havn't got any son. Whose son is he then, and how did you come to demand money of me?" "He is the son of a friend of mine who owed me seventeen dollars, and he didn't have any money. The only available assets he had were those dog-bites on his son's body, and he turned them over to me for collection, and I have collected them." "Well, I declare!" "And, stranger," continued the man with the ax-handle, "if you or any of your family ever get bitten by a dog, and you want the damages collected promptly from the owner of the dog, let me know, and I will do it for 25 per cent. net, and furnish my own ax-handle."

THE MESSENGER.

REV. P. S. DAVIS, D. D., EDITOR-IN-CHIEF.

REV. A. R. KREMER,
REV. D. R. LADY,
REV. H. W. HIRSCHMAN, D. D., SYNDICAL EDITORS.

To CORRESPONDENTS. Communications on practical subjects, and items of intelligence relating to the Church, are solicited. Persons who forward communications should not write anything pertaining to the business of the office on the back of their communications, but on a separate slip—or, if on the same sheet, in such a way that it can be separated from the communication, without affecting it.

We do not hold ourselves responsible for the return of unaccepted manuscripts.

WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 28, 1883.

We recently heard a refined, intelligent lady say that she found it impossible for her to get into sympathy with Foreign Missions. She was actively engaged in home work and took great delight in it, but could not become interested in the labor the Church is bestowing upon far-off fields. Strange as this may seem, we fear this is a difficulty common to many good women. The heathen seem to be so remote, and the calls to duty nearer home so pressing, that there appears to be an excuse for not looking beyond our own doors. It seems to us, however, that this indifference to the spread of the Gospel in foreign lands is due to a want of consideration of what depends upon it. Looking at the matter in the light of mere philanthropy any woman will be likely to be incited to effort if she thinks of the degradation of her sex where Christ is not known. Let any one read the account given on our family page, of the way widows are treated in India, as an instance. Just when they need sympathy and help, is the time when they are most cruelly treated. There never has been any exemption from such treatment—any elevation of the sex, except under the benign influences of Christianity. This consideration, to say nothing of eternal interests, should stir wives, and mothers, and daughters, to especial activity.

A LUTHERAN'S COMPLAINT.

Rev. Dr. B. M. Schmucker, in a favorable notice of Dr. Schaff's Church History, complains that Dr. Schaff cannot do justice to Luther and his doctrine of the Lord's Supper. "He says that Dr. Schaff reduces the views on this subject to three: Transubstantiation, consubstantiation, and spiritual presence, and then Dr. Schmucker adds: The first may define the doctrine of the Papist and surely neither man, angel, nor Papist suspects Luther of holding that view. Whether spiritual presence be the right term to define the negation of any distinctive presence by Zwinglians, we do not know, but even Zwingli at Marburg did not suspect Luther of agreeing with him. There remains to describe the doctrine of the real presence of the Body and Blood of Christ in the Eucharist as held by Luther and the Lutheran Church, and set forth in her Confessions, and as held by a large portion of the Anglican Church, only the one, bare, slanderous word consubstantiation, which neither Luther, or the Lutheran Church ever used, or consented to, but which they abominate because it is an offence against their Lord." So far Dr. Schmucker, who presides over the "Library" in so scholarly a way in the columns of *The Lutheran*.

We are not a little astonished that a scholar like Dr. Schmucker, in giving the above statement of his idea of the different theories on the doctrine of the Lord's Supper, should entirely ignore the theory of Calvin, which was adopted in all the leading Reformed Confessions, including that of the Anglican Church, the 39 Articles. Zwingli's view of the Lord's Supper as simply a memorial was not adopted into any Reformed Confessions that became authoritative in a lasting form for the Reformed Churches, but Calvin's view was, and his view was distinctly that of the spiritual real presence, which the strict Lutherans did so heartily oppose and abominate. And yet here Dr. Schmucker corrects Dr. Schaff and reduces the Lord's Supper to the three: the Roman Catholic, the Zwinglian, and the real presence, and then appropriates this last to the Lutheran Church! We submit that, after all, Dr. Schaff is the better Church historian on this point. We cannot suppose that a scholar like Dr. Schmucker is ignorant of the distinctive view of Calvin, and that it, and not Zwingli's, became the accepted view of the leading Reformed Church, but we must suppose that in his zeal to put Dr. Schaff in the wrong he made this slip himself. Dr. Schaff has written the Creeds of Christendom, and the truth of what we

here assert is fully substantiated from the original sources, as any reader of Church history may know.

Quite a number of the friends of Dr. John W. Nevin went to his residence near Lancaster, on the evening of the 20th inst., to congratulate him upon the attainment of the 80th year of his age. No invitations had been given, but the well lighted house and the neatly arranged refreshment table showed that the family knew the birthday of the venerable man would not be forgotten. Professors and students and leading citizens with their wives and daughters came informally, and the scene was very beautiful; reminding one of social life in days, when ease and grace prevailed, and there was no conscious necessity of the bolstering respectability with a mere show of dress and manners.

The "Old Doctor"—we beg his pardon for the adjective, found it hard to realize, that all this "calling" was because he had become an octogenarian, and Mrs. Nevin appeared as bright and agile as the youngest person in the room. Prof. Wm. M. Nevin, himself far past three-score years and ten, as we lately noted, was there too, gentle and pleasant as ever, and so was his daughter with her little children who congratulated their grand-uncle, and played about him like humming-birds around an almond tree.

All of Dr. Nevin's children were present, except two who are abroad, but every one of the company seemed to claim a semi-filial relation, and the evening was spent most delightfully. There were no set speeches, and we are glad to say no gloom. Why should there be gloom, when a man in extreme old age can look back upon a well-spent life, and forward to eternal glory? Thank God for the Christian's hope. With all its striking beauty we could never more than half accept Longfellow's "Morituri Salutamus." There is no Christ in it, and at best, only a poet's talk about innumerable stars that fill the sky when "evening twilight fades away."

Dr. Nevin seems to be wonderfully well preserved. His strength of mind is certainly not abated. We may hope that years will yet be added to his long life, and we know that he will be gathered home at last like a shock of corn fully ripe into the harvest.

DEATH OF REV. HENRY S. BASSLER.

Rev. Henry S. Bassler, whose sickness we noticed two weeks ago, ceased from his labors on Saturday, the 17th inst., and was buried at Millersburg, Pa., on the 23d inst. Rev. C. Z. Weiser, D. D., of East Greenville, Pa., preached the funeral discourse. Father Bassler seems to have been no ordinary man. He was born in Lehigh Co., Aug. 11th, 1804, was ordained in 1829, and rounded off a full half century of pastoral work before he retired. We have a number of facts in regard to his life and ministry before us, but they are so incomplete that we will await a fuller record, which will doubtless be furnished to us.

IS THAT ALL?

A religious journal, called *The Examiner*, refers to the case of "an eminent Congregational minister who compromises the administration of infant baptism with his conscience and his previous training by changing the usual formula into this:

"In accordance with an ancient custom, I consecrate this child in the name," etc. Of course the drops of water are used, but it is not called baptism."

And this is the way the *Independent* comes to the defence of Congregationalism over against this attack of the Baptist: "Very good, as the *Examiner* appeals to us. We do not care about the name, only the thing. And consecration is all there is to infant baptism or can be. And what more is adult baptism than a form of consecration, putting off concerning the old man," etc.? And so we are to ask, *Is that all?*

We knew that Dr. Ward holds what are called low views of infant baptism, but we did not think he would go so far in compromising the whole subject. If that "is all there is to infant baptism," then we may indeed say, in words borrowed from another as applied to this subject, and we say it reverently, "God is the greatest of formalists." He has appointed a sign and a seal (according to the definitions in the Confession) that signs and seals are nothing; it is an empty form.

In a sacrament God does something to man, not man to God. In the Lord's Supper, the Saviour said: "Take, eat." But according to Dr. Ward, in baptism it is man that consecrates, and God receives

the act. A parent consecrates a child by it, apart to the service of the Lord. And yet baptism is God's ordinance. He appointed and instituted it. It also represents what God does to man, not what man does towards God. When our Saviour bestowed His blessing upon little children, the blessing came from Him, not from the parents that brought them. True, those parents presented them for the blessing, but the consecration involved in the blessing came from our Lord. Now instead of finding baptism an act of the Lord towards little children corresponding to this blessing which our Saviour pronounced upon those children that were brought to Him, Dr. Ward makes the act of the parents in bringing them correspond to baptism. True, the human minister baptizes; but he acts in such a case as a minister of God, in God's stead. It is not man's act, but God's—not man's baptism, but God's. And this, then, is confounded with what the parents do when they bring their children to be baptized, or in making the vows that are required as a condition of baptism.

If baptism is simply an act of man to God, an act by which he consecrates himself, then, indeed, we can see but little use in keeping up the form of applying water.

That becomes merely an oriental symbol, and we may dispense with it at will. And yet our Lord says, "He that believeth and is baptized shall be saved," and our Lord also commissioned His apostles to go and make disciples of all nations, baptizing them, etc. No wonder infant baptism is falling into disuse among Congregationalists.

Rev. Dr. Alfred K. Potter in his letter accepting a call to the Dudley street Baptist church, Boston, wrote: "I have heard no divine voice say, Go. I have had no visions of duty; I did not expect them. I have simply asked the Master for a clear head, a candid judgment, an open mind, with an honest desire to know what is best for me and mine. That may sound selfish; but men are only for a day, churches are for all time. The field belongs to the same owner, wherever one may toil."

That is in truth about the ground upon which many a call is accepted, and we do not say that it is a wrong one. With equal prospects of usefulness, a man has a right to consider the comfort of his family. But there are many cases in which self must be sacrificed for the cause of Christ, and this too is often done. It is not true that the loudest call always comes from the place that offers the largest salary.

The members of the Alexandria and King's congregations, Rev. M. H. Sangree, pastor, have lately received touching letters from missionaries to whom they had sent boxes of clothing, etc. One box reached a man in Nebraska with his family huddled around a stove which they were feeding with corn cobs to keep up the heat, and that necessary work was almost forgotten in the joy of unpacking what were real treasures to them. Another box came to a missionary, one of whose preaching points was ninety miles away, and he found it much easier to leave home with the assurance that his dear ones were warmly clad. People here in the East who have felt chilly this winter although their furnaces were banked up with anthracite, hardly realize how low the temperature becomes in those western countries, or how much fuel and raiment it takes to resist the cold. The chests and garrets full of warm material that now become a prey to moths in many houses, might be utilized in the hands of some Dorcas to help our pioneer preachers. Another thing we noticed in reading the letters to which we referred, and we give the hint that others may profit by it. It is, that a note, or book, or picture, or toy, put into boxes sent, may afford great pleasure to the children of our missionaries whose home resources are very limited on the frontier.

Dr. Hirschman writes, that although the *Christian World's* announcement of the fact was premature, he has at last decided to accept the call extended to him from Grace Reformed Church at Tiffin, Ohio, and expects to enter his new field on the first Sunday of April. His present congregation accepted his resignation with sorrow, and he regrets to leave his kind parishioners, but he is ruled by the thought that the interest of Christ's kingdom will be promoted by the change he is making.

The following extract from the *London Times* illustrates the inaccuracy of some people who write for the British public in

regard to this country. "The Ohio river is another fine tributary. It is navigable from Pittsburgh, Philadelphia, to its junction with the Mississippi at Cairo, Illinois, a distance of 1,021 miles." There has been no telling of late where the Ohio might flow to, but there is hardly an excuse for confounding cities with States and locating Pittsburgh in Philadelphia. And yet such errors are not uncommon in leading journals of Europe. During the late civil war they were very amusing.

HOW TO USE THE REVISED NEW TESTAMENT.

We believe that the pious and learned men to whom was committed the revision of the New Testament, succeeded in giving us the best results of all true Biblical investigations from the earliest periods to the present time.

By this we do not mean that the revisers have in all cases made the best selection of the words with which to convey the true sense of the original. We believe that the "List of readings and renderings preferred by the American Committee," and recorded at the end of the book, contains a good deal that, if allowed a place in the text, would meet with very general acceptance. There are some antiquated words which, we think, might well have been rejected, but which on the contrary have been retained by the majority, that is, the British part, of the translators. And, it may be, there are other faults in the work, of like superficial character, but of sufficient importance to arrest attention.

But what we wish to say here in particular is, that the Revised version can be depended on as a critical standard and rule in the reading and study of the New Testament. Compared with this, mere rhetoric is nothing. The Revised Version presents the original itself, so to speak, in English form. What the preacher in the pulpit has found at times necessary to do, namely, to present a more correct rendering of a Scripture passage, is here done by better authority, such authority as none but an ignorant or very obstinate person would gainsay. If the older Version be preferred then the Revised can act the part of critic and interpreter of particular texts. This is one way of using it which will be found both interesting and profitable. If we cannot feel reasonably sure that the New version is the nearest attainable approach to the text as it came from the hands of the sacred writers, then we cannot feel certain of anything beyond the present and tangible. To say the least, then, and that is much every way, it is the very best guide and helper in the understanding of difficult texts.

But we think a more extended use should be made of this great work. If it is more according to the original than any of its predecessors, which no sensible person doubts, then why should it not come into general and common use? How long would it take a minister to explain to his congregation why it has taken the place of the old in the sanctuary? Prejudice is a poor thing to exist on, and the first appearance of it among the people should be met and overcome. So the prejudice against the pious and learned efforts to give the people the best possible translation of the Scriptures is to be deprecated, and, if possible, removed.

Of course, we love the so called authorized version, and it may not be easy to fall in with the improvements in the new book. But all that is necessary is practice, as in everything else. The changes, though important, are not very numerous, and the whole text as revised will soon become familiar to the faithful student of God's Word. K.

SPIRITUAL BONDAGE.

Sin and guilt, the study of which, to a large extent, engages the mind of the Church, during this Lenten season, may be viewed under various aspects. One of the most forcible presentations of it is that which the Saviour gives, in a conversation with the Jews, on the subject of freedom. They claimed that they had no need of the liberty to be secured through faith and obedience to the word of Christ. We are Abraham's seed, they said, and were never in bondage to any man: how sayest Thou then, ye shall be made free. The Lord explained that He had reference to their spiritual bondage. Every one that committeth sin, He said, is the bond-servant of sin.

Two kinds of bondage are prominent in history. The first is political bondage, where one nation is in subjection to an-

other. In this case, the laws are made and executed by the conquering nation, taxes are imposed for the support of its government and armies, and a certain amount of service, mostly of a military character, is required from the subordinate people. The second is personal bondage, where one individual is the slave of another who restricts his liberty of action and imposes upon him, at will, the severest tasks for his own advantage. The slave does not enjoy the fruits of his own labor and skill. His services are rendered to another, and the results of his exertions enrich, not himself, but his master.

All these particulars hold in the spiritual bondage to which the Saviour calls our attention. The sinner is under foreign laws. The laws of God do not govern His life. He does not give Himself to the control of principles of which His own judgment approves. He is under the yoke of the kingdom of evil. He pays tribute for the support of wickedness and wrong. The most expensive habits, known to many, are sinful habits. It costs a vast deal more to support one vice than it does to keep up ten virtues. Men often spend all their worldly goods to indulge their passion for strong drink. The contributions made yearly to sustain Satan and wickedness are simply enormous. And sin and Satan demand of us the most menial and degrading service. What we do, in the way of sinning, is done in obedience to the will of another, it is a grievous service, and it is of the utmost disadvantage to ourselves. The fruits of our sinful acts are to the honor of Satan. They extend his power and influence in the world. They serve to build up his kingdom. And they bring the poor bondsman only wretchedness and grief.

And would it not be eminently worth our while to make a supreme effort at this time for our spiritual freedom? The ancient heathen held that it was pleasant and becoming to die for one's country, for national honor or national freedom. When the opportunity of gaining political liberty and autonomy presented itself to our forefathers, in this country, a hundred years ago, they fought through long years of bloodshed to secure these blessings. We all remember also how eagerly the slaves in the South availed themselves of the offer of freedom, in the recent history of our country. Now Christ offers us spiritual liberty. It is true, it is not an unconditional offer. It will require an effort to obtain and support it. But the efforts and sacrifices demanded of us in our slavery to sin are much greater. The exertions often put forth by men to gain political or personal freedom are much greater. We talk of the long roll of martyrs for the love of Christ. But will any one undertake to number those who have wasted and more than lost their lives in the service of Satan? And is not the history of the world one long record of those who have died for their country? And is it not much better even to die, if need be, in the cause of spiritual liberty and in the cause of Christ, whose service is perfect freedom? L.

Rev. H. K. Binkley sends this week thirty eight new subscribers for the *Messenger*, and thirty three for the *Hausfreund* from the Broadheadville Charge, Monroe County. Rev. T. A. Huber is the efficient pastor.

Communications.

SOMETHING FOR LENT.

The proper observance of Lent requires of us to consider and bewail our sins and shortcomings, and earnestly to call upon God to forgive us for the sake of the sufferings and sorrows of the Lord Jesus Christ. But what are our sins? This every individual must, in the nature of the case, answer for himself. We know that they are more than the sand of the seashore or the hairs of our head; and he must be blind indeed who for a moment does not see that, spiritually speaking, from the sole of the foot even unto the head there is no soundness, but wounds and bruises and purifying sores. This the moral law, considered in its spirituality, teaches us plainly; but then we cannot see it except as we see it in the life of Christ, where the law is drawn out in living characters, especially in His sufferings and death.

What, however, are our sins as a church, we may, at this time, appropriately ask? These are numerous; but there is only one to which we can here refer. It is the great sin which we commit year in and year out in the manner we carry forward the cause of Christ in the world, the work of Missions. We are, doubtless, doing something in this direction, and it is a matter for thanksgiving that we are beginning to do more and better than we, as a people, formerly did. But have we done our duty? No, we answer emphatically, no. And if we ask thoughtfully what is required of us, and what Christ has a right to expect of us, we will all see for ourselves that we have been unfaithful and ought to humble ourselves before God, who has done so much for us.

God has greatly favored us as a denomination. He favored our forefathers before us, brought them over the wide ocean, and gave them possessions in this goodly land. Out of the depths, out of many sufferings and great poverty, He helped them; and we, their descendants, now enjoy the

fruits of their labors, and are advanced to a high degree of prosperity. We have farms, houses, lands, stores, churches, schools, I might almost say, towns and villages, and many of the comforts of this life, together with the word of God, the means of grace and the hope of immortality. But what return have we made for all that God has in innumerable ways done for us? How much have we done and how much are we now doing for Christ's poor ones, for His cause, for the spread of the Gospel? We have done something no doubt, and individuals here and there have made noble sacrifices for the upbuilding of Christ's Kingdom in waste places; but our yearly income for objects of benevolence shows, too plainly, that we fall far short of what we might and easily could do, if our hearts were open as they should be to the calls of duty to go forward and possess the land.

To a great extent we are not only half but fast asleep, much like the disciples in the garden, whilst their Master watched and prayed and sweat great drops of blood, in His struggle with the great enemy of mankind. He is still engaged in this great conflict, and professed Christians, many of them, take no note of what is going on around them, and leave their Master to struggle alone, so far as they are concerned, to watch and pray. The calls for help, for recruits, for pecuniary means, are waxing louder and louder every day; but they are not heeded, and some even think that all this about missions and the spread of the Gospel is uncalled for. Most certainly, the great mass of Christians at the present day are unconscious of the situation, and are steeped in profound slumbers, so far as the issues of life and health are being decided around them in the Christian church. It would provoke a smile, if we should say that the Reformed church is an honorable exception to this remark. If Fisher Ames, the great statesman in the revolution, wished he had a trumpet, through which he could make himself heard in every log-cabin to the remotest corner of the land, so as to arouse the people to the defence of their liberties, so we at times wish that we had some means by which the calls from our mission fields, to come over and help us, might be brought home to every Reformed family, and reverberate at each fireside. The night is passing away, the day is approaching, and it will not do for Christians, or Reformed Christians either, to sleep on, whilst others are in the field striving to win the prize.

Our religion is too much, everywhere, a matter of form. We sit in our churches as comfortable as in our houses, and sing and pray and hear good sermons, just as we ought to. But what is the outcome of all this feasting on fat things? It looks sometimes as if we thought we could sit and sing ourselves away to heaven. We may be supposed to be growing in grace and knowledge, and we are doing what we can to keep up our churches and to sustain the Christian cause in our own neighborhoods. But what are we doing for the poor heathen, and for our brethren who are crying to us for the bread of life from the new settlements in the West and from all parts of the land? True Christianity is of all things active and practical, and it must show itself in good works, in charity, in a world wide practical benevolence, else all church services are mere matters of form and a stench in the nostrils of the Lord. Here again, we Reformed people are not any better than others, and we wish from the bottom of our heart that we could say, with the full assurance of faith, or some greater degree of certainty, that we are not any worse. Certainly, like others, we are in (this thing) sinning greatly against God as well as ourselves.

Freely ye have received, freely give, is a precept not fully carried out by many who call themselves Christians in our day. Prosperity too often hardens the heart, and we spend our substance for that which is not bread, and our labor for that which satisfieth not, instead of devoting our means to the promotion of the Kingdom of God, something that will endure forever and ever. Professed Christians, forgetting why they are prospered, then spend their money in useless extravagance on the one hand, or, on the other, they become avaricious, tight-fisted, and set their hearts on their earthly possessions. Here then is another sin of which we need to be reminded during this season of Lent, so that we may repent of it, and crucify it. The best way to do that is to come forward and give liberally for the cause—not a few pennies as we used to do for form's sake or to satisfy our consciences. And if we find it difficult to do it, then we should by all means be more determined to do it, because when we do such things against the natural bent of our minds, it is peculiarly acceptable in the sight of God, for it involves a real sacrifice and is an act of moral heroism. Favored as we Germans are in this country, here probably is our besetting sin, our holding so tightly to what belongs to God. It is a demon that ought to be cast out, even if it cost much prayer and fasting. Let attention be turned to this matter by all our ministers during the present passion-period, and let the people unite with the pastors in cleansing their churches of this foul and polluting sin. Let the work be done thoroughly as well as earnestly, so that all may see and understand that the churches intend to take their true position as true churches of the Lord Jesus Christ, not sleepy, drowsy ones, not dead and formal ones, not worldly and selfish ones, but living ones. If a vigorous campaign of this kind is carried on during this Lenten period all along the line of our churches, then something useful will come out of this church year certainly, and both ministers and people will meet each other with smiling faces through out the remainder of the year. There will then be a cleansing of our sanctuaries, which will be more refreshing than all outward repairs.

The time past of our lives, says the Holy Apostle, ought to suffice us to have wrought the will of the Gentiles, and it is high time to awake out of sleep; and this, we think, applies to us just at this time in regard to our church work. How careless and neglectful of opportunities we have been, how deaf to the loud calls made upon us in times that are past and gone. We all know what we might have been as a church, had we been watchful, vigilant and active in days gone by. Some of our churches were left to die out altogether, some we gave away, and we allowed hundreds and thousands of our best members to pass over into other denominations, because proper provision was not made for their wants. In all of our large cities, such as Philadelphia, New York, Baltimore, Washington, Pittsburgh, and other places, we might be much stronger than we are now if we had been wise. But these are things of the past, and cannot be altered now. We can, however, by the grace of God, if we will, do better in the future. All is not lost. God has placed in our hands the ability, and means of making up for what has by our negligence and cold hearts been lost. The future is before us, and the good Being has not forsaken us utterly. He is still merciful, and Christ stands by to intercede for us, to dig around us and to allow us longer time, so that we may become fruitful. Let us, however, remember what He once said to a lukewarm church. If we are wise in this day of His merciful visitation, we may in a few centuries be as large and as influential for good in this land and in the wide world as any other denomination in the country. But if we are not wise, then we will become a by word and a term of reproach. Our best members will leave us, and only the worst remain. We can now see the faults of the past of course, but we ought to see the faults of the present; and these we ought promptly to correct. Living

on as we have been—at a dying rate at best—they who live fifty or a hundred years from this will see greater faults and mistakes in us than we now see in those who went before, and they will judge us with less indulgence—and rightly also—because of our superior advantages. Let us, therefore, humble ourselves before God, our heavenly Father, during this season of Lent, more than we ever did before, call upon Him to have mercy upon us, and beseech Him to give us His Spirit, so that everywhere our people may awake to newness of life, and each one go into the Master's vineyard and do something for His cause.

THEODORE APPEL.

PROGRESS.

ED. MESSENGER.—I have read with a great deal of satisfaction your recent article on the Bell-wethers, and also K's article on "Taking a city." Such articles and many others that have appeared in our church papers, are very timely and needful, for it is by constant agitation that reforms are to be effected. With this end in view, I submit the following thoughts:

What we need above all else to bring about a better day and carry forward the work of the Lord more effectively than heretofore, is, in my opinion, a higher degree of devotion to the work on the part of many of our ministers. Such need to be aroused to a proper sense of the true nature of their work, and their strict accountability to God. Were every minister laboring with a full consciousness of his being a steward, and shepherd, and ambassador in Christ's stead, I think matters generally would present a different appearance. We must first seek the kingdom of God—that is, seek to spread it in the world and save the people committed to us—and all things necessary for our present comfort will surely be added unto us. I do not desire to be severe upon any one, but there is every consideration why we should be in deep earnest. We need live active men, not drones, not selfish men, not men who will follow the Saviour from afar, and join His cause for the loaves and fishes, and care not for Him or His cause beyond these. Of course ministers are human and easily tempted to mind the things of the world, but for this very reason it is necessary that they constantly beset themselves to keep up a proper zeal. We all need more of the spirit of the Master.

K. speaks correctly of the power of our people, but the great misfortune is that a large proportion of this power is of a latent kind—inactive. And what is, perhaps, still worse is the fact that many ministers are satisfied with this state of things, yea, not only do little or nothing to bring this power into action, but in many instances really hinder the work. I will mention a few examples of how this is done.

1. In many cases ministers serve charges that consist substantially of the same congregations as they did fifty or more years ago. The membership is now four times larger and wealthier than then, but yet the field is substantially the same. Is this progress? No, but great retrogression. Although the people are now so much better situated, it takes many times more of them to support a pastor than then. One hundred and fifty years ago Schlatter and other Fathers grouped a number of congregations together because they were too poor to support a pastor. Now they are numerous and rich, and yet the field is pretty much the same. When I contrast the state of things of those times in Eastern Pennsylvania with the present, I am amazed to see how little progress has been made. And often when an effort is made to divide large and overgrown charges, the pastor is the first man to raise objections. This is really true. Of course it may be said to be true only in exceptional cases, but unfortunately the cases are rather numerous. The principal reason for objection usually offered, is that the people will not support a pastor if the charge in question is divided or even reduced. Such pastors show how little confidence they have in the result of their many years' preaching. But the objection is unfounded. So far as I know, no Classis has ever proposed to make a charge so small that the people could not support a pastor. And secondly, no case is on hand in which such newly formed charges have failed to support a pastor whose heart was in the work. Alas, if the people had no more confidence in such pastors than they have in them!

In this matter of dividing large charges, our brethren in central and western Pennsylvania are far in advance of us here in the east. In reading the proceedings of their Classis, I find that usually the first step towards the division of a large charge, is the resignation of the pastor, who co-operates with Classis, and the work is accomplished without much difficulty. Were this done among us the result would certainly be the same.

2. There is a lamentable unwillingness to aid weak mission congregations in towns by large charges in the vicinity. A case in point is this. In a certain town in eastern Pennsylvania a small congregation composed almost entirely of poor laborers, is struggling hard to support their pastor. The pastors in the neighborhood are serving large charges. By adding but one country congregation to the one in town, the difficulty would be overcome and no further mission money would be needed. But no. Besides this many retiring farmers and others are constantly moving into the town, who by uniting with the small congregation could help it, and themselves find a spiritual home, but their former pastors persuade them to keep up their membership in the country, although they may not attend there half a dozen times a year. Is this right? Is it the spirit of the Master? Let those concerned answer. But I must close, the epistle is already too long.

OBSERVER.

FROM NEBRASKA.

AURORA, Feb. 13th, 1883.

Dear Messenger.—Nebraska is one of the great and growing States of the West. In richness of soil it is, perhaps, not surpassed by any of the sister States, and these resources are being rapidly developed by the thousands of emigrants who are settling up her lands. Hundreds of these new settlers are members of the Reformed church, for whom we must soon make provision in spiritual things, or some one else will do it. For us, as a church, we may truly say more than of any other church, "The harvest truly is great and the laborers are few!" We need young men here. One dozen such men would find points where there are Reformed members to be organized into congregations. There are various points where we have enough material to organize both north and south of the Platt river. North of the Platt are such points as Oakland, West Point, and Plum Creek. About these we know something, while there may be other points of equal importance which have not been visited, and which it is no use to visit because we cannot supply them, and the church has neither the men to send nor the means to support them. At Central City, the county treasurer is Reformed, and near the town is a miller of the same faith, and no doubt, others could be found, if the town were canvassed.

South of the Platt are numerous points of importance to the Reformed church. In this part of the State I am engaged in missionary work. Here I expected to do considerable exploring, but why explore unless the men are forthcoming to occupy the ground. I take much pleasure in hunting up the members of the church and have found them in the most secluded spots. One

woman told me she would never leave the Reformed Church. In my explorations I have already covered too much ground for one man to hold. There must be another brother in this South Platt country by April, or points which promise well must be given up. Wahoo, ninety miles east from this point must have a man, and Aurora must have a man. I have supplied Wahoo for the last nine months once a month. The people here are very willing to do what they can. They are ready to build a parsonage, and raise about \$200 support. I write to see if the man could be found in any part of the Reformed church who will hear and obey the Macedonian cry—not across the Bosphorus—but across the Mississippi, and come over and help us. May the Lord move some brother to join us in this holy work for God and His church.

Yours in Christ, EDMUND ERB.

CHURCH DEDICATION.

The new Reformed Zion Church of Ashland, Pa., was dedicated to the service of the Triune God with appropriate services on Sunday, Feb. 18. The church as erected on the site of the old building, presents a fine appearance both upon its exterior and interior, with its dimensions of 60 by 40 feet. Situated in an elevated part of the town, it is truly a city not to be hid.

Entering the basement or Sunday School-room we noticed that it is supplied with pulpit, pews, organ and mottoes, in fact all the necessary appliances for Sunday School purposes; it is well lighted by windows on three sides and furniture conveniently arranged; passing from thence to the vestibule which is roomy to the main audience room above, one cannot but help notice the beauty and neatness of all its appointments; the aisles, chancel and pulpit platform, are covered with a carpet of neat design, the pews are comfortable and finished in walnut, with oak trimmings, as is also the chancel railing; the reading desk, baptismal font, altar and pulpit are of solid walnut, while the altar chairs and pulpit sofa are of modern design and finish; the walls are frescoed with a pattern of beautiful yet chaste design; the twelve Gothic windows are of stained glass, and the heating and lighting appliances are of the most approved pattern.

Services preparatory to dedication, were held on Saturday evening, Rev. A. R. Hostenstein, preaching an able sermon based on Ps. 87: 2. On Sunday morning Rev. G. B. Dechant, of Catawissa, Pa., preached an appropriate and forcible sermon from Matt. 6: 33, Revs. Hostenstein and Hacker conducting the altar service, after which followed the dedicatory services proper. To say that they were solemn convays but a faint idea, to see Rev. Father Duenger lift his aged hands in dedication of this the crowning work of his long and faithful service in the ministry, was at once striking and sublime. "This building," said he, after the services were over, "shall be my monument."

Rev. Keiser, of Mahanoy City, preached an interesting sermon in the afternoon from Ps. 84: 5, and Rev. T. J. Hacker, of Shamokin, Pa., preached an English discourse in the evening, on Ephes. 4: 12. "The Body of Christ."

Large and attentive audiences were present at every service, and the Reformed people of Ashland are to be congratulated upon thus having a large and beautiful church edifice in which to worship God in spirit and in truth. May the blessing of God be with them and His choicest benedictions rest upon this aged pastor.

T. J. HACKER.

Hausfreund please copy.

FOREIGN MISSIONS.

A special meeting of the Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions of the Reformed Church in the United States, will be held in the First Reformed Church of Harrisburg, Pa., on Tuesday, March 13th, at 2 P. M., to consider the following items:—

1. Report of the Executive Committee.
2. To examine candidates for the Mission Work in Japan.
3. To consider a proposition to attach our mission to the "Union Church of Japan."
4. The expediency of sending out a Lady Missionary.
5. Any other items which the interests of the work may require.

By order of the Executive Committee.

THOS. S. JOHNSTON, Secretary.

P. S.—As this is an important meeting, all the members of the Board should make arrangements to be present, and to continue until the business is transacted. There will be a public meeting on Tuesday evening, in the interest of Foreign Missions, at which the Rev. Mr. Ammerman, a missionary of the Reformed Church of America, will be present. He has labored in Japan for several years, and his counsel will be of interest to the Board. All who intend to be present will please notify R. F. Kelker, Harrisburg, Pa., stating in what train they will arrive, so that places may be provided for their entertainment.

Brethren of the Board:—

We sincerely trust that you will feel the responsibility which rests upon you, and if not providentially prevented, will lay aside every thing else, and comply with this imperative call to duty.

T. S. JOHNSTON, Secretary.

The Missionary Herald and Sentinel says: It is gratifying for us to learn that there is considerable feeling in the Church in favor of giving our Sunday-school scholars another opportunity to do something for the cause of missions during the coming summer by planting corn, lettuce, or anything else that will produce a good income. Accordingly, we announce that another effort is to be made this year; and we believe it will be much more successful than the first. We have behind us some energetic laymen, who are deeply interested in the matter, and as we are glad to see, intend to press it, even if it does cost them something in time or money. All such movements should be encouraged by the church. It is now plain that the missionary work is to be carried on largely by the women and children of the church. Experience in other denominations has already proved that. During the year 1882 the income for Foreign Missions in the Dutch Reformed Church was \$58,184, all told. Of this the Sunday-schools contributed \$5,459, and the Woman's Board \$7,775. Among the Southern Presbyterians, the ladies furnished \$10,984, and the Sunday-schools, \$6,326, of the \$69,309 raised for Foreign Missions. The Evangelical Lutherans in the General Synod—a body considerably smaller than the Reformed church—raised \$17,071 for their Foreign Missions in 1881; but they would not have received probably much more than two-thirds of that amount, if it had not been for their Sunday-schools and Female Missionary societies. Other and larger denominations repeat the same results.

NOTICE.

A meeting of the Board of Missions of Pittsburgh, will be held in Grace Church, Pittsburgh, on Thursday, March 15th, at 10 A. M. It is earnestly hoped that all the members will be present. The Missionaries are requested to send their reports to Rev. F. B. Hahn, Green-

ville, Mercer Co., Pa., in time to be read at the meeting of the Board.

SAMUEL Z. BEAM,
President of Board.

Church News.

OUR OWN CHURCH.

Synod of the United States.

The winter communion of Christ church, Elizabethtown, Pa., Rev. J. H. Punnebecker, pastor, was held on Sunday, 18th inst. The attendance was large. Nine persons were added to the church by confirmation. There will be further additions by May next.

Synod of the Potomac.

The holy communion of the Lord's Supper was celebrated at Alexandria, Pa., on the 18th inst. Rev. Dr. Gerhart assisted Rev. M. H. Sangree, the pastor, and the service proved to be a very profitable one.

Pittsburg Synod.

The post office address of Rev. S. T. Wagner is changed from Wittenberg, to Glencoe, Somerset county, Pa.

Rev. J. W. Pontius, pastor of the Zion's charge, has been very kindly remembered by his people, first, by the Zion's, and afterwards by the St. Mark's and Trinity congregations. These gifts were gratefully received, not simply on account of their intrinsic value, \$63, but more especially for the good will shown in the giving of the same.

Rev. J. May writes:—"The present condition of the Henshaw charge is very good. Fifteen months ago I took charge of this interest, and since that time I have labored pleasantly and successfully in the great work of the Master. I have received by baptism, letter, renewal and confirmation during my pastorate of fifteen months, fifty persons into the church. For what has been accomplished I am truly thankful to the Lord Jesus Christ, the Great Head of the Church. And as He has so abundantly blessed my labors, to Him belongs all the praise and glory."

Bro. May was agreeably surprised on the 27th of February, upon his return from a funeral to find his house filled with his people who had brought him many substantial evidences of goodwill. Besides a purse containing \$15.25 given to the pastor, and one containing \$10.50 to his wife, the other contributions were valued at about \$66.

PREMIUM TRACT No. 2.

"The Work of Missions in the Reformed Church in the U. S."

This Tract of four pages is now ready for distribution. It deserves a wide and liberal distribution throughout the whole Church. Pastors, Consistories, Sunday-schools, and Missionary societies will do well to order it in large quantities for general distribution.

It is to be had at the following rates:

1000 copies, cash net,	\$5.00
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APPOINTMENT OF AGENT OF THE REFORMED CHURCH PUBLICATION BOARD.

Mr. Jacob Heyser of Chambersburg, Pa., has accepted the agency of the Board contemplated in the Plan of Life-Membership, subscriptions for THE MESSENGER, and will enter on his duties at the opening of the new year. He is also authorized to solicit contributions for the use of the Board, and to receive subscriptions for the different periodicals of the Board, and orders for the Book Department, and make collections of accounts due the Board, his receipt for the same being valid.

We hope Mr. Heyser will be received and welcomed by the Church, and meet with good success so as to put our publication interest on a good footing.

CHAS. G. FISHER,
Supt. Ref'd Ch. Pub. Board.

SUNDAY-SCHOOL HELPS FOR 1883.

Now is the time to make up orders for Sunday-schools Help for the coming year. "The Guardian," for teachers; "The Quarterly," for scholars; "Lesson Papers," advanced and primary; "The Child's Treasury," monthly and semi-monthly; and "Sunshine," are equal to any others of the kind, and at prices in keeping with their contents and appearance. The cheapest are not always the best. Specimen copies sent on application free of charge. We look for an increased demand for them all during the coming year. Pastors and superintendents will please give attention to this and see that their schools have their own Church publications in use.

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907 Arch Street, Philadelphia.

CHURCH ALMANAC FOR 1883.

Our Church Almanac for 1883 is now ready for distribution. The following is the schedule of prices:

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12 copies,	.60
50 "	2.50
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A discount of five per cent. for cash.

We have endeavored to improve the appearance of the almanac, and have it contain as usual an amount of matter that must prove interesting and instructive to every Church member. We have also added eight more pages—which gives more space to be filled with valuable reading matter. We have tried to make it truly a year book for the church. For this purpose we hope pastors and members will aid in its circulation, so that it may reach at least every family in the church. Send in your orders at once.

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Rev. CHARLES G. FISHER,

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Should you remit, and on examining the label on your paper you do not find the proper credit given after two weeks have elapsed, please inform us by postal, so that any failure to reach us may be discovered, or any mistake or omission may be corrected.

Communications for the paper, to insure prompt insertion, should be addressed to "THE MESSENGER."

FOR EASTER.

EASTER SERVICE ANNUAL,

Containing six pages of new and choice Carols for Easter, with specially prepared service of Scripture and song, published by Mrs. Emma Pitt, Baltimore, Md.

Superintendents and Teachers of Sunday-schools would do well to examine this Annual before making their Easter selections. Price, Five Cents—\$4 per hundred.

ALSO,

EASTER ANNUALS.

Containing the usual number of Carols, published by Bigelow & Main, and J. Church & Co. Same price as above.

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All of the above Books sent postage paid on receipt of the retail price, or by express, subject to discount.

Supplies for Sunday Schools.

LIBRARIES, REWARD CARDS, TICKETS, &c., &c., at as low prices as they can be purchased elsewhere, to be had at our store. We hope that those who are in need of such will give our—rather their—store the preference. Bear in mind we can furnish you with everything in this line at the same

Miscellaneous.

THE PHANTOM HEARTH.

Cold swims the moonlight on the snow;
The black-limbed maples stretch on high
Their ragged leaves against the sky,
And flapping shadows fall below.

The twisted lilac, numb and bare,
Points upward to the frosty star,
And lonely church-bells strike afar
The crystal clearness of the air.

Within, the hearth grows hot and red,
The jewelled flame uprears its crest
And lights the oaken rafters, drest
With burnished laurel, overhead.

Amid the drifts beyond the pane
The glowing hearth reflected lies,
Frost-bound beneath those distant skies
That look down coldly on the plain,—

The brasses glinting in the light,
The knotted wreath, the crimson chair
Still rocking slowly in the glare
Against the white and frozen night.

As shifting shadows, blue and thin,
Give back the swinging boughs above,
The pictured mimics gazing move,
And, masked, they mock the shapes within.

Their hearth is lit by empty blaze,
Their feast is swung in middle air;
Without a voice our song they share,
As phantoms of the voiceless days.

—Lippincott's Magazine.

DEPARTMENT OF HOME MISSIONS.

BY THE SUPERINTENDENT.

Turtle Creek and McKeesport, Pa.

About one year ago, Rev. H. D. Darbaker visited Turtle Creek and Braddock on the Monongahela river above Pittsburgh, with the view of looking after the members of our church who had settled in those places. He was well received, and he repeated his missionary visits from time to time, until he found that the field presented a good opening for a new mission. Accordingly, on the recommendation of Classis and the Pittsburgh Board, he was commissioned to take charge of it by the Tri-Synodic Board last fall. Since then he has organized a congregation at Turtle Creek with 25 members, who for the present worship in a school-house. The place contains a population of 1,500. Thus far nothing has been done at Braddock, and it is thought best that for the present the members living in both places should worship together.

In connection with Turtle Creek the missionary extended his visits to McKeesport, a few miles further up the river, with a population of 13,000, a miniature Pittsburgh, and growing rapidly. Here he also found members of the church, and in October last he organized 23 of them into a congregation, to which five have since then been added, with the prospect that others will be added as soon as they can secure their certificates of dismission. The congregation at present worships in a rented hall. This is a new mission, and its prospects certainly appear to be encouraging.

Houtzdale Mission.

The Houtzdale Mission in Clearfield county, Pa., under Pastor Siegel, is showing encouraging signs of progress. Last October four heads of families were added to the Church, and at Christmas three more persons were confirmed. A class is also under instruction for confirmation in the spring. The members are mostly miners and not favored with pecuniary means; yet they do according to their ability. It is a case, therefore, in which it is right for them to receive help from outsiders, or from abroad; and in this way they have been favored. Some time ago the trustees commenced the erection of a parsonage in the rear of the church, which is to be completed during the winter and spring, and funds have been secured for this purpose. The church has been repainted in the inside, and other improvements made, so that by this time the modest little sanctuary compares favorably with other churches in the place. A Beatty organ for the chapel was presented to the mission by one of the congregations of the Rev. John Wolbach's charge in Clarion county; and a second-hand silver-plated communion service, by the Reformed congregation at Aaronsburg, Pa. Bro. Siegel thinks there is reason for encouragement, and that with God's help the good work commenced will continue to prosper.

Overton, Pa.

The Overton mission in Bradford county, under the Rev. C. H. Mutchler, seems to be looking up again, after it was for a long time without a pastor. The communion at Overton in the fall was unusually well attended and 11 added to church. The arrangements to put up the new building—36 feet by 48, with steeple from the ground, a vestibule and gallery—have already been made and the material has been secured. The small congregation at Dushore in Sullivan county has increased in numbers more than one-half under the present pastor. Mr. Mutchler's support is not what it should be, and the Board regrets that it is unable to do more for him; but his people—and outsiders also—have come forward and given generously to supply him with the things which he needs, in the way of donations for himself and family, including an overcoat, dress patterns, a robe, provisions, forage, cash, and other useful things. It is gratifying to know that these presents came from members of some four or five different denominations of Christians, including some Catholic donors, showing that they came from a true Catholic, Christian feeling among the people.

A Missionary Box.

The Rev. J. Muellhaupt and his family of this city, were surprised by a valuable missionary box that came from the Ladies' Missionary Society of St. Stephen's Church, Lancaster, Pa., connected with the College and Theological Seminary at that place. Every member of the family was well supplied, and the gifts truly appreciated; even the baby was presented with a doll by Prof. Kieffer's little daughter. The little Reformed church at the corner of Capital and Marion streets, is nursed by the Christian sympathy of the church, in the East, and the friends who contributed nobly for the purchase of the German chapel are assured that their liberality is in no wise ignored or out of place.—*Daily Statesman, Salem, Oregon.*

Johnstown, Pa.

The Rev. W. H. Bates writes encouragingly of the mission at Johnstown, Pa. The last communion was the largest ever held. Eight per-

sons were added at that time by certificate, and a class is now receiving instructions preparatory to confirmation in the spring. The Christmas services were well attended, and for the first time the chapel was too small for the people that came. Many had to leave for the want of room. The decorations were much admired, and the house was left open to visitors during Christmas week. The mission appears to be gaining the respect and confidence of the community.

Charleston, W. V.

A member of the Reformed church in Charleston, W. Va., a well-to-do mechanic, thus writes: There is a good opening here for a missionary of the Reformed church, one who could preach in the German and English languages. A great many foreign Germans live here, and no German sermon has been preached in this place for the last five years. Many say they would attend church, if there was German preaching; and I believe there could be a good congregation organized in this city, which is to be the capital of this new State three years hence. Many families are moving into the place from Pennsylvania, Ohio, Virginia, and among these a considerable part are Reformed. The pastor of the Presbyterians is anxious that the Reformed Church should send a missionary pastor here; and expresses his willingness to aid and encourage such an enterprise, as he is satisfied that the effort would be successful.—*L. V. S.*

[This field is worthy of the attention of the Board, which it no doubt will receive.]—*Ed.*

Science and Art.

Two queen bees, in possession of Sir John Lubbock, are now eight years old, and have not yet given over work.

Marble statues of Rubens and Rembrandt have been placed in appropriate niches, on the outside of the Corcoran Gallery at Washington. They are by Ezekiel, the Virginia sculptor, who resides in Rome.

A portrait of Anne Boleyn has been added to the collection of the National Portrait Gallery in London. It is in oil, and was taken before she was queen. She wears a necklace of large pearls with a pendant capital B. She has chestnut-colored eyes and hair, her lips are pinched and prim, and she wears a French hood covering a cap of gold thread, and a black veil.

The wonderful multiplication of insects is one of the miracles of nature. A female house-fly produces in one season 20,080,320. A queen bee will lay 20,000 eggs daily for fifty days, and the eggs are hatched in three days. There are brought to Europe annually, for scarlet and crimson dyes, from 600,000 to 700,000 pounds of cochineal, and 70,000 insects are required for a pound. The Scriptures may well speak of "creeping things innumerable."

A remarkable light-house lantern was placed in position at the National Exhibition in Dublin, but owing to its size it had to be removed into the open air. It is intended for Mew Island, an important point near Belfast, and at its full capacity is expected to give a light equal to 2,500,000 candles, visible at a distance of forty miles if placed at the proper elevation. The illuminating agent is gas, consumed in specially constructed ring burners (without glass chimneys), which are said to be so arranged that by the aid of lenses the power can be increased in murky or foggy weather from an ordinary light of the first class to the most penetrating beam that has ever been thrown from a lighthouse tower. The light requires attention, and the changes in its intensity with the character of the weather are made in the simplest manner, without labor or trouble on the part of the lighthouse keepers.

Personal.

The venerable Peter Cooper of New York, celebrated the anniversary of his 92d birthday on the 12th inst.

The Ex-Empress Eugenie had an interview with Prince Jerome Napoleon on the 13th inst. She disavows any unlawful or clandestine enterprise against the French Republic.

There are rumors abroad that the post of Governor-General of Alsace-Lorraine will soon become vacant. General Manteuffel is to be recalled, though for what reason none of the rumors say. This position is the best, in point of emoluments, that the German Government has it in its power to bestow. Besides the palace and various allowances, it is declared to be worth \$45,000. Prince Bismarck's gross emoluments do not exceed \$20,000.

The late Prince Charles, of Germany, by his will, leaves \$6,750,000, apportioned as follows: Three million dollars to his son, Prince Frederick Charles; \$1,500,000 to each of his two daughters; \$250,000 to the Order of St. John of Jerusalem, of which order the late Prince was Grand Master, to be employed in founding a home for convalescents; \$250,000 to other charities, and the \$250,000 remaining, to be at the disposal of the Emperor William.

Bronson Alcott, who had an apoplectic attack last October, has regained a moderate degree of health. One effect of his illness has been to weaken his memory of words, and though he understands perfectly what is said to him, and knows what he would reply, he cannot usually express himself with clearness. Since his attack he has grown a white beard and moustache, and is unwilling to have them removed. Admirers assured him that he looks more like an old Greek philosopher than formerly.

Senator David Davis is fond of encouraging worthy and aspiring young men, but towards idlers and fortune-hunters he turns the chilliest kind of a cold shoulder. A short time ago a young lawyer asked his permission to pay court to a young lady of wealth, his ward. Senator Davis took the case under consideration for a day, and then rendered a decision. "I cannot give my consent," it ran, "not because you are poor and dependent upon your profession, but because you are in the habit of incurring needless debts, without knowing or caring how you are to pay them."

Items of Interest.

Out of the 618,000 people of West Virginia there are 85,000 who cannot write.

A Montreal clergyman, in seeking to discover why his church had not been swept and dusted, learned that the woman whose work it was had died of starvation.

A bill has been introduced in the Legislature of Wisconsin designed to prevent malicious prosecutions by making the complainant responsible for costs when it is shown that he did not have good ground for action.

The drink-sellers of Canada are afraid of monopoly. By a change in the liquor law, it is proposed to license the bar instead of its keeper; and this is regarded as a move on the part of the

brewers to get entire control of the thousands of groggeries which they already hold partially by mortgages.

It has been discovered that a very large amount of gold coin recently minted in New Orleans is deficient in weight, and will have to be recoined. A re assay shows that from \$20,000 to \$100,000 worth of \$10 gold-pieces, representing the work of several months, is thus deficient, the shortage in each coin being about 25 cents. An investigation will be made.

The police captains of New York City have reported against the employment of matrons at the stations, and stating further their belief that their presence would be an injury. It has been clearly proven in several cities that much good has resulted from the employment of matrons at the police stations, noticeably in Brooklyn, where it is no longer an experiment but an assured success, as the last report proved.

The student Dauth, who was arrested for killing a Bavarian captain in a duel, succeeded in escaping while he was being conveyed to Würzburg. The result of the duel in question continues to excite general dissatisfaction at the state of the law in Germany upon this subject. Several leading German papers comment at length on the difference between English and German ideas of "honor," and urge that a change is required upon the model of British notions.

A law student had just been admitted to the Boston bar, and had opened an office for practice, when the death of his father left him \$60,000. He was in such haste to get and spend the money that he left the office without stopping to lock the door, abandoning his office library and furniture to his creditors. He wasted his fortune so wantonly that it only lasted a year. Now he is pointed out at Lewiston, Me., a broken-down drunkard, living on the charity of old acquaintances.

According to a comprehensive statistical return lately published in Germany, there are in Europe ninety-two cities with more than 100,000 inhabitants, out of which four capitals show each over 1,000,000 population, as follows:—London, 3,832,440; Paris, 2,225,910; Berlin, 1,122,300; Vienna, 1,103,110. Out of the ninety-two cities and towns referred to, England claims 26, Germany 16, Italy 11, France 10, and Russia 8. The others are divided among the smaller States. There were in the United States in 1880 twenty cities having 100,000 inhabitants and upwards.

Books and Periodicals.

ON THE DESERT. With Brief Review of Recent Events in Egypt. By Henry M. Field, D.D., author of "From the Lakes of Killarney to the Golden Horn," and "From Egypt to Japan." New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1883. Pp. 330. Price, \$2.

The reading public will thank Dr. Field for this interesting volume. It is made up of portfolio sketches, taken as he traveled through the Desert, rendered memorable by the journey of God's ancient people, on their way to the Promised Land. He painted things as he saw them—on the wayside, by the sea, from the hill tops and in the tent at the close of the day; and the pictures he has drawn are true to nature and to fact. There are twenty-four chapters, all written in Dr. Field's graphic style, and calculated to strengthen faith and to inspire enthusiasm. For us, the work has an especial fascination. We have found it hard to lay it down when pressing engagements required us to do so. The book is published in fine style and is accompanied by a colored map, which will prove a great assistance to the reader.

DORNER ON THE FUTURE STATE. Being a Translation of the Section of his System of Christian Doctrine comprising the Doctrine of the Last Things. With an Introduction and Notes by Newman Smyth, author of "Orthodox Theology of To-Day," "Old Faiths in New Light," etc. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1883. Pp. 155. Price, \$1.

We predict for this work a large sale, and great influence upon public opinion. The way has been prepared for it by the recent discussion of the subject upon which it treats, more especially in New England. The exceptions taken to some of Mr. Smyth's views when called to a chair in the Theological Seminary at Andover, Joseph Cook's Boston Lectures and other exciting reviews of Dr. Dorner's Eschatology have made people anxious to know just what the great German scholar does teach. To meet this want Mr. Smyth has translated and given in separate form so much of Dr. Dorner's "System of the Doctrine of Christian Faith" as bears upon the point. This will be a great matter for those who cannot afford to buy the whole work of four volumes. It seems but just that the great teacher of German thought should not be judged by second-hand representations. To prevent Dr. Dorner's views from being separated from his system, however, his translator has, in an able and lengthy introduction, put his theory of probation in its true relation to the general scheme of salvation advocated. The book will be widely read and modify the opinions of many who thought they knew all about the subject.

AMERICAN HUMORISTS. By Rev. H. R. Haweis, M.A., author of "Music and Morals," "Thoughts for the Times," "Current Coin," "Arrows in the Air," etc.

This third book of the 1883 series of the Standard Library, published by Funk & Wagnalls, 10 and 12 Dey street, New York. It contains 179 pages, and is sold for the low price of 15 cents. The author is a graduate of Oxford University, and has a full appreciation of his subject. He takes Washington Irving, Oliver Wendell Holmes, Jas. Russell Lowell, Artemus Ward, Mark Twain and Bret Harte, as representatives of American humor.

LITTELL'S LIVING AGE. The numbers of the LIVING AGE for the weeks ending Feb. 17th and 24th contain Sir Archibald Alison's Autobiography, Quarterly; Charity in the Early Church, London Quarterly; Panislamism and the Caliphate, and England, France and Madagascar, Contemporary; Thomas Carlyle, Macmillan; Sketches in the Malay Peninsula, Leisure Hour; Anthony Trollope, Good Words; Dawn of the Spring, St. James's; The Sponge Trade of the Bahamas, Oil, Paint and Drug Reporter; Escapes and Imprisonments of Latude; with instalments of "A Singular Case," and "For Himself Alone," and Selections of Poetry. A new volume began with the first number of January.

For fifty-two numbers of sixty-four large pages each, or more than 3,300 pages a year, the subscription price (\$8) is low; while for \$10.50 the publishers offer to send any one of the American \$4 monthlies or weeklies with the Living Age for a year, both postpaid. Littell & Co., Boston, are the publishers.

The contents of LIPPINCOTT'S MAGAZINE for March are unusually varied, and include several articles of special interest. Professor James D. Butler has an apparently exhaustive paper on the "Portraits of Columbus," proving that the greater number of the pretended likenesses of the great discoverer are wholly fictitious, and that all those which have a good claim to be considered authentic, including one painted for Jefferson, and now in the collection of the Historical Society of Mas-

sachusetts, have been derived from a common original no longer extant. "Invalid Life in the South" sums up the experiences of five years spent in the recovery of health, and contains much information and many suggestions that cannot fail to be useful to those who are in search of a genial climate and other favorable conditions with the like object. "The Civilized Indian," by Alfred M. Williams, gives an account of the Cherokee "Nation," its social and political condition, with a pleasant idyllic description of its peaceful settlements and the beautiful country over which they are scattered. "An Ocean Swordsman," the title of an illustrated paper by C. F. Holder, combining a lively narrative of personal adventure with solid and quasi-scientific information. "The Story of the Palatines," by Charles Burr Todd, brings to light a forgotten episode in the history of American colonization, while "Polanders in Texas," by R. L. Daniels, shows the different conditions under which emigrants from remote countries are establishing new homes on our soil at the present day. The new instalment of "The Jewel of the Lotos," by Mary Agnes Tinker, contains some striking scenes and exquisite descriptions, of which the artist who supplies the illustration that forms the frontispiece to the number seems to have caught the spirit. Among the short stories, "Carita," by G. H. Pierce, is a very graceful and pathetic sketch, while "The Fiddler of Batiscan," by Annie Robertson Macfarlane, is romantic and sensational, and the "Stirring Off," by M. H. Catherwood, a bit of homely realism. The poetry of the number is by Carlotta Perry, Marion Couthout, and Charles L. Hildreth, and the "Monthly Gossip" includes several timely papers, most of them biographical and anecdotal.

The March CENTURY. The frontispiece portrait of Gambetta in the March CENTURY, and the accompanying article by a writer who was intimately acquainted with Gambetta, appear now with a timeliness, which, a foot-note explains, is not to be credited to editorial haste or energy, since they were both in preparation for the March CENTURY before Gambetta's illness. One of the numerous interesting anecdotes in the article relates to the not over-scrupulous manner in which Gambetta's mother, who was ambitious for her son, outwitted the stubborn father, who wished his son to succeed him in business. An excellent portrait of the father shows a man of strong will and eccentric character. A short biographical sketch of the late Dr. Leonard Bacon, with portrait, is contributed by his son, Leonard Woolsey Bacon, under the appropriate title, "A Good Fight Finished." Mr. Bacon defends his father's position in opposition to the Boston extremists in the anti-slavery agitation, and records that Abraham Lincoln acknowledged indebtedness to Dr. Bacon in forming his own convictions on the subject. The writer, at the same time, disparages the work and influence of William Lloyd Garrison. Also of a controversial character is Mrs. Runkle's plea for the higher education of women, apropos of the recent petition for the admission of women to Columbia College. It is called "A New Knock at an Old Door."

John Burroughs, in "Signs and Seasons," chats charmingly and instructively of country life and Nature; and Elbridge Kingsley has illustrated the paper with several striking engravings. In contrast with the rural Americanism of this paper is H. H.'s study of local scenes and character in "The Village of Oberammergau," which she visited at the time of the last Passion Play.

"The Architectural League of New York" is the title of a profusely illustrated paper by Roger Riordan, describing a club of young architects in the metropolis. Mr. Cable continues his illustrated historical series with "The End of Foreign Dominion in Louisiana," and Dr. Edward Eggleston, in his third historical paper, treats of "The Migrations of American Colonists."

A realistic romance of the Russo-Turkish war, entitled "Yatli," by Frank D. Millet, the artist and war correspondent, is the short story of the number. Mr. Howells, in his second part of "A Woman's Reason," which has already made a strong impression, introduces a catastrophe that changes the whole tenor of the heroine's life; there is also a detailed description of a Boston auction. Mrs. Burnett's "Through One Administration" is nearly finished, and Mrs. Mary Halleck Foote's striking story, "The Led-Horse Claim," is brought to an effective conclusion.

The poems of the number are by Andrew Lang, Mrs. Julia C. R. Dorr, Ina D. Coolbrith, John Vance Cheney, and W. P. Andrews, and others. Worthy of special mention is an unfinished poem by William Cullen Bryant, entitled here "A Poet to his Wife," and dated Roslyn, 1873. Various public questions are discussed in "Topics of the Time," notably one in "Stealing a Minister," and the other editorial departments treat of new books, in "Literature," of "Home and Society" topics, and of new inventions in "The World's Work." In "Bric-a-Brac," besides light and amusing verses, may be found an extract from Swedenborg's Treatise on Hell, which applies with singular aptness to the political "boss" of to-day.

THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW for March opens with an article on "Money in Elections," by Henry George, who brings to the discussion of that hackneyed subject a contribution full of originality, freshness and keen insight; he points out with admirable clearness one source of our political ills, and proposes a remedy that seems both eminently practicable and efficient. Robert S. Taylor writes of the "Subjugation of the Mississippi," a work which, in his opinion, and in that of the Mississippi Commission, of which he is a member, can be accomplished only by employing, for the purpose of deepening and straightening the channel, the forces developed by the river itself. Moncure D. Conway contributes a very striking study of Gladstone as a man and a statesman, showing how even the more or less sinister moral and intellectual traits of his nature, quite as much as his pre-eminent native force and elevation of character, conspire to make him the foremost Englishman of his time. Hon. George W. Julian's "Railway Influence in the Land office" is a grave, judicial exposure of the practices which, against the manifest intent of the law and the determinations of the highest courts, have won for corporations millions upon millions of acres of the public domain. Richard A. Proctor writes of the "Pyramid of Cheops"; Prof. Wm. G. Sumner of "Protective Taxes and Wages"; Elizer Wright of "Some Aspects of Life Insurance"; and finally, there is a symposium on "Educational Needs," by Prof. G. Stanley Hall, Prof. Felix Adler, President Thomas Hunter, and Dr. Mary Putnam Jacobi. Published at 30 Lafayette Place, New York, and for sale by booksellers generally.

Married.

Near "Liberty Hall," Adams county, Pa., Feb. 13th, 1883, by Rev. Geo. B. Resser, Mr. William N. Eiker, of Knoxville, Ill., to Miss Josephine L. Moore.

On the same day, at the same place, and by the same, Mr. James H. Cunningham, of Fairfield, Pa., to Miss Abbie A. M. Moore.

In Zion's Reformed Church, Charlesville, Md., on Feb. 18th, 1883, by Rev. S. M. Hench, Jesse L. Haines to Miss Mary A. E. Ramsburg, both of Frederick county, Md.

At the same place, by the same, on Feb. 15th, 1883, John H. Heffner to Miss Sallie J. Staley, both of Frederick county, Md.

Feb. 18th, at the bride's home, by Rev. J. M. Evans, Mr. Theodore Krotzer to Miss Alice S. Armagost, both of Porter township, Clarion county, Pa.

Obituaries.

DIED.—In Philadelphia, Jan. 9th, 1883, Monroe C., in his fifth year; Jan. 16, 1883, Benjamin C., in his third year; only children of Mr. and Mrs. Harry Kiker.

Their bodies were laid away in the vault of Greenwood Cemetery, only one week apart. The undersigned preached at their funeral services from the words of Rom. 14: 7-8, and Matt. 24: 44.

A. B. STONER.

Resolutions of Respect.

The following resolutions were adopted by the Gleaners' Missionary Society connected with Grace Reformed Mission, 10th and Dauphin Sts., at its recent meeting:

As it has pleased God, in His wisdom, to take from our midst our little member, Monroe Kiker, be it therefore,

Resolved, That we recognize the all-wise Providence of God in this our bereavement, and humbly submit to His will, assured that our Heavenly Father, whose thoughts are not our thoughts, and whose ways are not our ways, does all things well.

Resolved, That we extend our tenderest sympathy to his bereaved parents in the hour of affliction, and that these resolutions be read before the society and a copy be sent to his parents.

LILLIAN GERHART,
Committee.
ANNIE CRESSMAN,
MAGGIE MCQUARRIE.
Attest J. HARRY DERR.

Acknowledgments.

Home Missions.

Statement of money received by the undersigned for Home Missions, etc., since last acknowledgment, viz:

Rec'd per Rev Wm Deatrick, Treas of Mercersburg Classis, from Chambersburg Church, \$50 00. Mercersburg charge, 33 07. Mont Alto, 9 75. Everett do, 5 93. Woodcock Valley do, 5 17. Dunning Creek do, 4 68. \$113 60	
Waynesboro do, 10 00. St Thomas Ch, 1 50. Grindstone Hill chge, 10 00. Clear Ridge do, 5 40. Greenfield do, 6 00. Sulphur Springs do, 8 00. Altoona Church, 18 46. 37 86	
Rev S M Callender, D D, from Woman's Miss Soc of Mt Crawford, Ref'd cong, Va, 12 77	
James Ward, Treasurer McConnellstown Ref cong, 6 00	
Rev W G Engle, interest on S Schreiner's missionary bond, 3 00	
Rev J P Pannabecker, Treas Lan Clas, from New Providence chg, 40 00. New Holland do, 12 69. Millersville, 10 00. 62 69	
St Luke's Church, Lanc, 15 46. New Holland chg, 69 02. 84 48	
N S Strassburger, D D, Treas Lehigh Classis, from S White Hall cong, 33 00	
Rev W A Haas, Treas W Susq Classis, from Centre Hall chg, 22 73. Boalsburg do, 15 00. White Deer do, 4 45. Liverpool do, 15 00. Lewisburg do, 20 70. Aaronsburg do, 7 25. 86 13	
Selingsgrove chg, 25 40	
Boalsburg chg, 25 00	
Centre Hall do, 4 61. New Berlin do, 39 05. Lewisburg do, 10 68. 54 34	
C A Shultz, Treasurer Zion's Classis, for Iowa Mission, 43 00. Home missions, 150 00. 193 00	
Rev F Fox, from Ladies' Miss Soc of the Ger Ref St Paul's Ch, N Y City, 10 00	
Rev C T Heilmann, from Paradise chg, 12 50	
Rev Thos S Johnston, D D, Treas Leb Clas, from St John's Ref Ch, Schuylkill Haven, 10 00. Second do, Reading, 72 00. 82 00	
St Paul's Memorial Church, do, 75 00	
Cressona cong, 2 00. 2nd Ref Church, Reading, 53 00. 55 00	
Bern do, 36 00. Alsace do, 12 00. 48 00	
Rev D Y Heisler, Treas E Pa Clas, 251 17	
I G Gerhart, Treas Tobicon Classis, from Rev H J Welker, Springfield, 60 00. Rev J G Dengler, Sellersville, 44 50. 104 50	
H J Myers, Treas Gettysburg Clas, for Iowa Missions, 110 50	
Rev Isaac N Motter, from Harbaugh Miss Aid Soc of St Paul's Ch, Waynesboro, Pa, 10 00	
Rev J O Miller, D D, from Miss Soc'y of Trinity Ref Ch, York, Pa, 84 00	
Rev D Fouse, Treas Iowa Classis, from Beaman mission, 50 00. Wilton do, 50 00. Pleasant Valley do, 50 00. Brandon, 15 00. Tipton chge, 70 00. Harmony do, 40 00. Connelville do, 7 00. 282 00	
Rev W H H Snyder, pastor Salem Ref Ch, W'g, Pa, 67 00	
Geo Hill, Treas E Susq Classis, 114 24	
Rev Simon S Miller, Treas Md Classis, from First Ref Ch, Balt, Md, 72 00. Ev do, Frederick, Md, 50 00. Miss Soc Ref Ch, Middletown, Md, 22 71. Com alms of do, do, 13 00. Mechanicstown chg, 16 50. Manchester do, 16 00. Cavetown do, 6 00. Jefferson do, 5 50. 201 71	
John J Nissley, interest on Locke legacy, 37 00	
W D Isenberg, Treas Miss Soc of McConnellstown, Pa, 23 75	
Wm H Orth, Sec'y Shiloh Ref Miss Soc of Danville, Pa, for use of Eng mission at Williamsport, Pa, 35 50	
Total, \$2362 64	

CHURCH EXTENSION.

Received from B Schmitt, Woodstock, Va, for Emporia, Kan, 10 00. Wm Adolph, from 1st Ref Ch S S of Phila, 6 65. \$16 65

WASHINGTON MISSION.

Received from Rev W A Haas, Treas, etc, from Aaronsburg chg, 12 00. Rev Wm M Deatrick, do, St Thomas Ch, 4 00. Rev Jos Appel, D D, from Saegertown cong, 10 00. \$26 00

WM. H. SEIBERT, Treasurer.

Tobickon Classis.

Received from Rev J G Dengler, Sellersville, \$11 00. Rev G W Roth, Tincum, 5 00. Rev D Rothrock, Durham, 7 00. Rev W Z Snyder, South Bethlehem, 3 00. Do, South Easton, 2 00. Rev Jacob Kehm, Indian Creek, 3 21. Total, \$31 21.

ISAAC G. GERHART, Treas. Tobickon Classis.

Bethany Orphans' Home, Womelsdorf, Pa.

By Calvin A Thomas, Treas, from Miss Soc of the Ref Ch, Mt Pleasant, Md, Rev A Shulenberger, pastor, \$10 00. From a friend for Building Fund, 300 00. Thankfully received.

WM. D. GROSS, Treasurer.

All Subscriptions to be Paid in Advance
ALL SENT POSTAGE PAID.
Specimen Copies Sent on Application

General News.

Home.

The President has signed the Japanese Indemnity fund bill.

On the 22d inst., Frederick had one of the greatest Trades displays ever witnessed in Maryland.

The steamer Morro Castle, was burned while loading with cotton at Charleston, S. C., on the 21st inst.

Robert A. Packer, son of the late Judge Asa Packer, died at his winter residence in Florida, on the 20th inst.

The western floods have abated but the sufferers are in great wants, and collections for their relief are still required.

The Supreme Court has affirmed the decision of the lower court, in declaring S. Davis Page entitled to the City Controllership.

Rev. Wm. Suddards, D.D., Rector Emeritus of Grace Episcopal Church in this city, died on the 20th inst., in the 79th year of his age.

The Catholic Society in Lawrence, Mass., has become insolvent. The liabilities are about \$700,000, most of it belonging to poor parishioners.

Rerdell, Ex-Senator Dorsey's private secretary, has abandoned his defense and plead guilty. His testimony against the Star Route contractors is conclusive and crushing.

The President has appointed Dorman B. Eaton, of New York, John M. Gregory, of Illinois, and Leroy D. Thoman, of Ohio, members of the commission on Civil Service Reform.

Fifteen children were killed and eight injured in a panic at the Roman Catholic School of the Most Holy Redeemer, New York City, on the 20th inst. An alarm of fire had been given and the children were making their exit when a "Sister" fainting. The little ones became alarmed and pressed against a weak railing that guarded the stairway of the upper story. The railing gave way, and the children were precipitated to the lower floor. The passage way of the stairs was only three feet wide, and the means of escape very poor. Fourteen of the dead children were buried from one church at the same hour.

Foreign.

Berne, Feb. 25.—The members of the Federal Council have been invited to be present at the coronation of the Czar.

The United States man-of-war Ashuelot, has been lost in the Chinese Sea. All of her officers were saved, but eleven of her crew were drowned.

The English government has doubtless put its hand upon the murderers of Lord Cavendish and Mr. Burke. The testimony of Carey will stamp the Fenian organization as murderous in its designs.

In the British Parliament Mr. Foster made a terrible arraignment of Mr. Parnell, under the accusation held the position of masterly inactivity.

The Daily News says:—"As a personal vindication Mr. Parnell's speech failed, if a man can be said to fail in that which he seemed almost to disdain undertaking."

Paris, Feb. 23.—The decrees enforcing the law of 1834, depriving princes of their military posts will be gazetted to-morrow. It is understood that the Duc de Chartres and the Duc d'Alençon will be affected by the enforcement of the law. It will affect, it is said, neither the Duc de Pen-thievre, who is already exempted from service, nor Prince Roland Bonaparte, who is not regarded as a pretender.

Marseilles, Feb. 25.—Pere Hyacinthe lectured to an audience of 3000 persons to day. There was a great uproar caused by Catholics hissing and insulting him.

Brussels, Feb. 24.—An explosion of dynamite took place to-day in a village near this city, and two men, one of whom was mortally wounded, were arrested in connection with the occurrence. Both men were recently sentenced to imprisonment for being connected with the troubles at Montecau-les-Mines. Important confessions have been made.

Brussels, Feb. 25.—The police have seized numerous documents which are said to reveal the existence of a plot affecting Belgium and several other European States. Cipher telegrams were sent yesterday to Vienna, Paris, Berlin and St. Petersburg. Several arrests are expected to be made in Brussels.

Madrid, Feb. 25.—The Socialistic Societies in Andalusia are said to number 1000 members, including persons of high social standing. The Government has resolved to take energetic measures for their suppression.

St. Petersburg, Feb. 24.—It is stated that letters have been received by the authorities conveying threats to blow up the Kremlin, at Moscow, where the Czar is to be crowned. A search was made, but nothing indicating preparations for the destruction of the palace was revealed. A close watch is being kept, and the public are not allowed to enter the building.

St. Petersburg, Feb. 25th.—A ukase has been published appointing a Commission to examine and amend the laws relating to Jews, which will afterward be submitted to the Legislative Department for examination.

PHILADELPHIA MARKETS.

Wholesale Prices.

MONDAY, February 26, 1883.

COTTON was inactive but steady on a basis of 10½c for middling uplands, 10½c for low middling, and 9c for good ordinary. Receipts—Gross, 4045 bales; net, 1491 bales.

WHEAT.—We quote super at \$3.75@4; winter extras at \$4.25@4.75; Pennsylvania family at \$5@5.40, chiefly \$5.25 for good brands; Ohio and Indiana do. at \$5.50@6.40, chiefly at \$5.75@6.25; St. Louis and Southern Illinois do. at \$5.50@6.40; Minnesota clears at \$5.75@6.25; do. straight at \$6.25@6.75; do. patent at \$7@8, and winter patent at \$6.25@7.25, as at quality. Rye Flour was scarce and firm at \$4@4.12½, as to quality.

WHEAT.—Sales reported comprised car lots No. 1 red in export elevator early at \$1.24, closing at that asked and \$1.23½ bid; car lots No. 2 red at \$1.21½@1.21½, closing at \$1.21½; 2400 bushels long berry red in grain depot at \$1.25; \$1.21½ bid and \$1.22 asked early for February, closing at \$1.21 bid and \$1.22 asked; \$1.21½ bid and \$1.22 asked early for March, closing at \$1.21½ bid and \$1.22 asked; \$1.24 bid early for April, but closing at \$1.23½ bid and \$1.24 asked; 10,000 bushels May early at \$1.25½, closing at \$1.24½ bid and \$1.25 asked.

CORN.—Sales comprised 1500 bushels rejected mixed at 61c; 2 cars cob at 68c; for 72 lbs.; 600 bushels No. 3 mixed on track at 63c; 3800 bushels steamer in elevator at 66c; 2400 bushels sail white in elevator at 68c; 4600 bushels sail yellow in elevator at 69c; 4000 bushels sail mixed early for February, closing at 69½c bid and 70c asked; 20,000 bushels March at 69½c, closing at 69c; 20,000 bushels April at 69c, closing at that asked, with 69½c bid; 10,000 bu-

shels May early at 69½c, closing at 69½c bid and 69½c asked.

OATS.—Sales of 3000 bushels No. 2 mixed at 51c; 2 cars No. 3 white at 53½c; 1000 bushels choice rejected white at 53½c; 3 cars No. 2 white at 54c, and 5000 bushels do. March early at 52½c, closing at that asked with 51½c bid; 53c bid and 55c asked for February; 52½c bid and 53c asked early for April, closing at 52½c bid and 52½c asked, and 52½c bid and 53c asked for May.

RYE sold in small lots at 70c, but there was not much offered and sellers generally asked 72c at the close.

SUGARS.—Raw were scarce and firmer, closing at 61½-61½c for fair to good refining muscovades. Refined were active and firm at 8½c for granulated, 8½c for crystal A, 8½c@11-16c for confectioners' A. There were no standard A's on the market.

POULTRY.—We quote live Chickens, near-by, at 15c; do. Southern and Western, 13@14½c; Turkeys, near-by, at 17@18c; do. Southern and Western, 16@17c; live Ducks, near-by, 17@19c; do. Southern and Western, 14@17c; live Geese, 11@13c; dressed Chickens, near-by extra, 16@18c; do. near-by medium, 13@15c; do. Western extra, 15c; do. prime, 14c; do. scalded and fair dry-picked, 12@13½c; do. Ducks, near-by extra, 13@21c; do. Western extras, 16@18c; do. do. medium, 13@15c; Geese, near-by, 10@12c; do. Western, 7@10c, as to quality, and Turkeys, extra dry-picked near-by, 22@24c; do. choice do. 20@22c; do. Western extra, 20@22c; good to prime Western, 18@20c; fair, 16@17c, and scalded, 16@17c, as to quality.

PROVISIONS.—We quote Mess Pork at \$19.50@20; shoulders in salt, 7½@8c; do. smoked, 8½@9c; pickled shoulders, 8½@9c; do. smoked, 9½@10c; pickled bellies, 11½@11½c; smoked do. 12@12½c. Loose butchers' Lard, 11c; prime steam do. \$11.75@11.80; city refined, 11½@12c; Lard stearine, 11½c; beef ham, \$21@23, as to brand; sweet pickled hams, fully cured, 11½@12c; do. smoked, 13@13½c. Smoked Beef, 14@15c. Extra India Mess Beef, \$26.50, f.o. b. City family \$16, and packet do. \$15. City Tallow, 8@8½c, in hds. Cake Tallow, 8@8½c; country do. in barrels, 7½@8c; Oleo Stearine 9½c.

BUTTER.—We quote Pennsylvania creamery extras at 38@40c, chiefly 38c; do. firsts, 33@35c. Western do. do. 35@38c; do. firsts 30c; June creamery, 22@23c; Bradford county fresh tubs, 27@28c; do. firsts, 23@25c; New York State fresh tubs, 27@28c; do. dairy extras, 23@25c; Western dairy extras, 23@25c. Rolls, choice to fancy, 20@22c—few, if any, here; do. fair to good, 13@15c; common shipping grades, 10@13c. Prints, fancy, 38@40c; do. firsts, 32@35c. do. seconds, 25@30c.

CHEESE.—We quote New York full cream choice at 14c; do. fair to good, 13@13½c; Ohio flat fine, 13@13½c; do. fair to good, 12@12½c; Pennsylvania part skims, choice, 8½@9c; do. fair to good, 7@8c, and full skims, choice, 3@6½c, as to quality.

EGGS.—Sales on "Change at 24½c for Pennsylvania and other near-by extras with 24c bid for Western in crates and 24c for do. in barrels—the latter being scarce. Lined were steady at 18c.

PETROLEUM.—The market was dull and weak for exports, with sellers at 7½@7½c, as to test, for refined in barrels, and 10@10½c for do. in cases.

HAY AND STRAW.—We quote Western and York State Timothy, choice, at \$15.50@16; some extra in large bales, \$17; do. prime at \$14.50@15; do. ordinary to fair at \$12@13. Rye Straw was dull at \$12@12.50 per ton.

SEEDS.—Clover was in moderate supply and demand at 13@14c, as to quality, for new. Timothy was inactive but steady at \$2.12@2.25 per bushel. Flax was dull and nominal at \$1.45 for pure.

FEED.—Sales of 1 car choice winter Bran on track at \$20.50, quoted at \$20@20.50, as to quality, and 1 car white middlings at \$24.25, including sacks.

Live Stock Prices.

The receipts for the week were: Beesves, 2300; sheep, 8000; hogs, 3500. Previous week: Beesves, 2300; sheep, 10,000; hogs, 3500.

BEEF CATTLE were in fair demand and prices remained firm. Quotations: Extra, 6½@7c; good, 6½@6½c; medium, 5½@6c; common, 5@5½c; fat cows, 3½@5c.

MILK COWS were inactive at \$30@40.

SHEEP were in small supply and ¼c higher. Quotations: Extra wethers, 100 to 110 lbs., 6½@6½c; fair to good, 6@6½c; inferior, 5@5½c; good ewes, 5½@6½c; medium, 4½@5½c; common, 4@4½c; lambs, 5@7½c.

HOGS were in poor demand, though prices ruled firm. Quotations: Extra, 10½@10½c; good, 9½@10c; medium, 9½@9½c.

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